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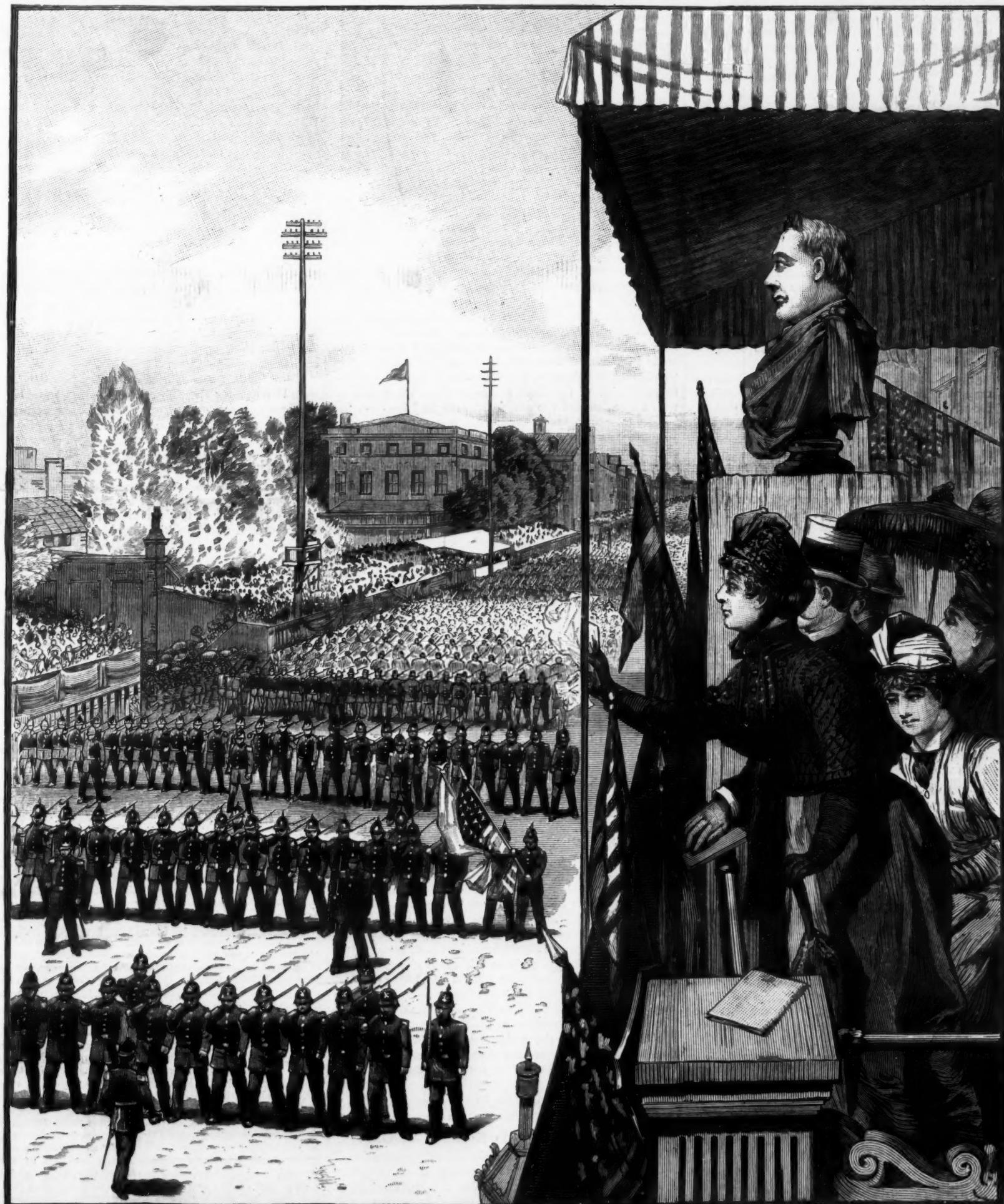
NEWSPAPER

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MRS. CLEVELAND.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE GREAT HISTORIC CELEBRATION IN PHILADELPHIA—GRAND MILITARY PARADE ON SEPTEMBER 16TH.
MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, ON BROAD STREET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 91.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois affirms the verdict of the jury and judgment of the court below against the Anarchists of the Haymarket massacre. The offenders must die. This is painful, but just. It is painful because the men who are to be hanged are for the most part delusionists and insubordinate egotists, who were drawn into the vortex of their crime by sedulously cultivating in their own minds and in those of their followers the notion that all the fundamental laws and principles on which society and business rest are wrong, and can only be set right by assassination and social war. They were mostly men of untrained intellects and unbalanced tempers, with just sufficient mental parts to enable them to begin a speech with a series of blundering misrepresentations of the social conditions surrounding them, and wind it up with a recommendation to resort to thuggism and murder in the pretended interest of philanthropy and humanity. Such men form an irascible, conspiring, soured and shiftless class, who have not patience to labor for their own prosperity, nor sagacity to promote that of others. It gratifies their vanity to believe that their unfitness for life's duties is owing to the fact that society is all wrong and has robbed them, while it inflates their conceit to parade as philanthropists and prospective heroes. New York city contains several thousand such spirits, who have already designated themselves by meeting and passing resolutions of sympathy.

In the case of the seven condemned men at Chicago, two years had been spent in fulminating every form of seditious speech. They were all drawing either revenue or notoriety from a system of threats and proclamations, which had been wrought towards the climax so long that something had to be done to sustain its terrors. Dynamite bombs had been manufactured, distributed and recommended for use so long, that by simple logical sequence some of them had to be used.

Throughout this trial it has been a ground of profound astonishment to the Anarchists and their sympathizers that those who had, to use their own expressive phrase, done only "mouthwork," could be convicted and sentenced to death without its being clearly shown that they had also done the "bombwork." No combination of facts could have made the Illinois judgment so beneficial to the world as one which clearly shows the responsibility of those who talk, for the consequences of the acts of those who do what the talkers recommend. It had been supposed by the Chicago Anarchists, and is still asserted by their class, that if the talkers got out of the way before the bombs were thrown they were innocent of murder and legally safe. On the day before the Haymarket meeting, August Spies had addressed the Archer Avenue crowd until he saw it depart prepared to stone and burn the McCormick Works, when, his "mouthwork" being finished, he quietly boarded the street-car and returned to his office. This division of work was relied upon to make the social revolution safe, both to its agitators and its actors. For the bomb can easily be thrown by some person whom no one will see. It is the authoritative reversal of this skulking and cowardly theory by the Supreme Court of Illinois that causes it to strike the ranks of the social revolutionists everywhere as a personal warning of their own danger. "If," they say, "those of us who as social prophets merely predict that dynamite will be thrown if our views on political economy are not promptly adopted, or who as ethical teachers assert that dynamite ought to be thrown, are to be held responsible as murderers if dynamite actually is thrown, then where will we be if at some of our meetings our predictions should be fulfilled or our advice be followed?"

The hanging of seven men for the crime of so wholly misconceiving their duty to society as to believe in thuggism as a creed, and to assist in practicing it, is an unexampled event in this republic. It will send around the circuit of the globe the thrilling conviction that because the freest of all republics protects free speech and guards free political agitation to its utmost bounds of license and extravagance, without shrinking and without fear, for that very reason does it stamp with an iron heel, heavier even than that of any monarchical government, upon those who mistake assassination for patriotism, or seek to make a living by subverting the social order.

CUSTOM-HOUSE INSPECTIONS.

THE annoyances and outrages to which ocean travelers are often subjected in the examination of their effects on landing at this port have long been the subject of complaint. The laws under which these inspections are made contemplate the prevention of frauds upon the revenue, but they are too frequently executed as if they were designed exclusively for the annoyance and abuse of the traveling public, with only secondary reference to the interests of the Treasury. Well-known citizens whose reputation and character should place them above

suspicion are subjected to exactions and irritations for which there is no shadow of excuse. Even necessary inspections are sometimes made in the most brutal and insulting manner by officials without discrimination and incapable of ordinary civility. In every respect whatever the existing methods of inspection are open to criticism. They are not only invasive of individual rights, but they are wrong in economics, and they tend to foster official insolence and dishonesty.

It is estimated that nearly 400,000 Americans have crossed the seas during the present season. These, coming from all parts of the Union, represent at least the average national intelligence. They are not law-breakers, thieves, nor smugglers. They are for the most part people of good character, with some pride of name, and honest reputations to maintain. But the great majority of these tourists coming in at our ports of entry are made to realize by harsh experience that this Government is more exacting, more vexatious in its methods, and its officials less polite and considerate, than those of Russia, England, or even Spain, where civility is one of the essential qualifications of a public official, and where it is not assumed that every traveler is a scoundrel.

A recent experience of the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER strikingly illustrates the abuses of the inspection service. Arriving from Europe by the *City of Rome*, her luggage, consisting, with that of the lady accompanying her, of four trunks and two steamer-boxes, was duly examined, every tray of each individual trunk being removed and thoroughly inspected, and passed. They were re-locked and re-strapped, and arrangements made for their removal by an expressman. Meanwhile a gentleman friend of the lady companion of Mrs. Leslie had some difference concerning his baggage with an inspectress engaged in examining the trunks of another passenger. Hereupon, Mrs. Leslie was surprised by a demand for her keys from a Treasury agent, who insisted that her trunks must be re-examined, and who proceeded, in spite of her indignant protest, to carry out his purpose, removing the contents of the trunks in the roughest manner, and greatly damaging some of the more valuable articles. Among these contents were a number of photographs given Mrs. Leslie by Lord Ronald Gower, and designed by her for reproduction, and, therefore, not dutiable, and six yards of poplin—a remnant cut from a dress made in Paris. These articles were seized and a duty of \$13.50 imposed thereon, which was paid under protest—the Collector of the Port subsequently stating that he would have passed the articles named had he been the inspector. Now, be it remarked, this re-examination—which occupied nearly four hours, during which the owner of the trunks was compelled to remain upon the pier, in the midst of a jostling crowd, an object of suspicion—was not made upon any pretense that the first inspection was not thorough and complete. It was made after, and apparently as the consequence of, the difficulty which arose between an inspectress and a third party—the examination of whose luggage, it may be added, discovered dutiable goods to the value of seventy-five cents. To gratify the malice or the spite of that inspectress, Mrs. Leslie—of whom it may at least be said that she has established an honorable business name—was subjected to indignity and outrage after her trunks had been regularly approved and passed. It is true that when complaint was made against the special agent, he set up in his defense that he acted upon his own notion, and not at the instigation of any other official, but this was evidently an afterthought. Certainly if he had believed the trunks to contain dutiable goods he would not have permitted them to be re-locked, re-strapped and prepared for removal before he made that belief known.

We respectfully submit that a system under which such abuses as these are possible needs to be reformed. It is due to honest officials, no less than to the public, that the annoyances and vexations of inspection should be minimized. These officials should not be compelled to suffer reproach and suspicion because of the stupidity or the malice of persons who owe their places to low partisan influences, and not to considerations of fitness. It is idle to say that the evil cannot be cured. Men in control of large business interests find no difficulty in securing honest and capable agents—who are also persons of polite address—for the administration of their affairs. The Government can command the same qualities and the same qualifications in all branches of its service if it desires to do so. There is no reason why every Custom-house inspector should not be a person of efficiency and integrity, and a gentleman as well. But so long as efficiency is construed to mean malicious insolence, vulgar incompetence or reckless assumption, it is idle to expect that the evils now complained of will be abated. And if they are not abated, the present Reform Administration will justly be held responsible, and as justly suffer, for its perpetuation of a system and of methods which are a disgrace to the American name.

AMERICAN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE college presidents are discussing the question of the elective system, but there are other changes in American college education besides the introduction of the elective system of studies. These changes are not so important as that suggested by the elective system, and yet they are of enough importance to demand considerable attention.

One of the first reforms which should be introduced

into the colleges relates to the matter of writing. The colleges have greatly neglected English composition. The graduates who can write a hundred words of English with clearness, force and elegance are exceedingly few. The graduates even who can use their native tongue in speech with clearness and vigor are also very few. During the four years many colleges are content to narrow the training in English composition substantially to the writing of a dozen "themes" or "forensics." The students take little interest in the subject, and the professors even less. All this should be changed. The writing and the speaking of the English tongue with perspicuity, with force, and with beauty, is one of the clearest marks of a well-educated gentleman. For this purpose writing, constant and exact, and with criticism, is one of the best means. Harvard has for a time had one course in English composition, which consists in writing upon each day of the college year a brief composition. The colleges should devote thrice the time and the attention to writing which they now give to it.

A second reform, which should at once be introduced, relates to the selection of teachers for their power of inspiring pupils as well as for their scholarship. In the past the colleges have chosen their best scholars as teachers. It is well known that not a few great scholars are anything but great teachers. The qualities which fit one to be great in scholarship often unfit one to be great in teaching. There are those who have been great in both departments. The late President Wayland of Brown University was of this character; so also was President Mark Hopkins; but it is difficult to combine the two qualities in one man. But the quality of inspiring is even more important than the quality of scholarship, for inspiration tends to arouse the pupils to put their own faculties at work upon whatever subject they may have in hand; and it is the operation of the powers of one's own mind that makes up the best part of education. It is far better to have as a professor one who is four parts inspiration and one part scholarship, than one who is four parts scholarship and only one part inspiration. College men look back with the greatest regard towards those courses of instruction which taught them, not to be great scholars, but to be men of great inspiring power. The influences thus exerted tended to induce them to discipline their own minds and to improve their own character.

Along this same line also it may be noted that it would be well for the colleges to nurture a more intimate relationship between the professors and the pupils. The German university owes its distinction in large part to the Seminar; but the Seminar is simply a close scholarly relationship between a teacher and a pupil. The Seminar has, to a limited extent, been introduced into some of our institutions, perhaps more fully at Harvard and at Johns Hopkins than elsewhere. It should be introduced into every college, for it tends at once to give the professor freshness and vigor in his methods, and also to arouse the student to original investigation.

"AMUSEMENTS."

THE events of the dramatic stage, great and small, are by a carelessness classification jumbled together in absurd promiscuity with circuses, sparring-matches and clam-bakes, under the head of "amusements." The word may be, in this application, doubly a misnomer. Some things presented at our theatres are so vulgar, or so stupid, that they are not amusing even in the way of the distractions just enumerated. On the other hand, the drama, where it is in any degree worthy of its high office and destinies, is much more than an amusement, albeit one of the essential conditions of its prosperity is that it entertain. The real dramatist is philosopher and a satirist; the real actor is his interpreter, and consequently his collaborator. In the harmonious collaboration of the two, we have surely that "high criticism of life," which Matthew Arnold insists upon as a chief characteristic of the best poetry. In its relation to the life of the thinking portion of modern society, the stage is a teacher whose lessons are illustrated with living colors, and whose maxims, imparted through the sources of laughter and tears, sink profoundly into the human heart.

It behoves us, then, to inquire what preparations our dramatic authors, managers and players are making or have completed for our artistic entertainment and moral edification during the season now beginning. The majority of the leading theatres throughout the country are already open for the brief "preliminary" season, and next month the regular season will be thoroughly under way. Poor indeed is the house that has not, according to announcement, been renovated and refitted in the most luxurious manner, regardless of expense. While no such extravagant outlay has been indulged in to secure new plays and to organize and develop capable companies of actors, a commendable spirit of enterprise is observable even in these unwonted directions. It is especially encouraging to see that our native authors are beginning to find themselves preferred and honored in their own country, and that they are fairly earning this preference by giving us every year more genuine and more finished work. The estrangement between literature and the stage is dying out. There is no longer any need or excuse for the wholesale importation of French and English plays into the United States. When our managers can command such home products as Mr. Gillette's "Held by the Enemy," Mr. Lloyd's "Dominie's Daughter," Mr. Lathrop's "Elaine," Mr. Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead," and Mr. Arthur's "Still Alarm"—to mention only a few recent successes—why should they betray their actors and bore their audiences with scenes and characters constructed for and only intelligible to the playgoers of Paris or London? We are now promised, for immediate production, new comedies by Bronson Howard, Fred. Marsden, Charles Gaylor, Clay Greene and David Belasco, and others; new society dramas by well-known New York and Boston *littérateurs*, and new dramatizations of Stevenson's and Ryder Haggard's novels by American playwrights. Not long since Judge Barrett wrote a society play for Wallack's; and now Admiral Porter's "Allan Dare," adapted from his own romance, has been done in elaborate style at the Fifth Avenue. Even Howells and James have made bids for popularity on the boards.

It may be said, perhaps, that we are in a condition to profit more from imported actors than from imported plays. We have no national dramatic school, and very few stock companies, where the traditions of the art are preserved, and where young men and women can systematically acquire the technicalities of their profession. In New York city, the centre of things theatrical on this continent, there are about twenty-five theatres, only five of which have stock companies and bring out original works. These five are Daly's, the Madison Square, Wallack's (under Mr. Abbey), the new Lyceum, and the house of Mr. Edward Harrigan, the Dickens of the American stage. Even of these five companies scarcely one is a compact and permanent organization in the sense that those of the European capitals are. Hence we can well afford, for some time yet, to pay for and take pleasure in the visits of artists like Irving and Ellen Terry, Salvini, Coquelin, Barnay, Ristori and Bernhardt, and the Meiningen troupe.

On the whole, we may justly survey our theatrical field in an optimistic spirit. That a rather undue proportion of rubbish in the way of burlesque and rough farce-comedy encumbers the stage at the present moment is undeniable. The excuse commonly made for it is that we are, as a people, nervous and overworked, and go to the theatre mainly with the idea of forgetting our cares in "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." Probably a better explanation of the apparent predilection for tinsel and horse play is to be found in the simple exuberance of the still large and demonstrative class of unsophisticated playgoers in our rapidly growing cities and towns. They are yet in the early stages of their dramatic education, and which correspond to similar phases in the career of the talented author who begins with a minstrel sketch, or of the boy who makes his *début* as the hind-legs of a heifer, and finally develops into a classic interpreter of Shakespeare.

A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

FOUR years ago this Fall the extraordinary celebration over the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad was followed by the startling downfall of the man who had brought that completion about. The contrast was dramatic, and afforded an opportunity for a large amount of moralizing. Plenty of ill-natured things were said, but even the "glare of publicity" in which Henry Villard then stood revealed no dishonest action on his part. He had been over-sanguine, and even reckless, and he had contracted for more than he could perform, but although his wisdom was questioned, his downfall was not that of a "Napoleon of Finance," and for once it happened that a railway magnate and operator met financial ruin, but saved his honor. For a time he retired to obscurity, living upon salvage from the wreck, since, thanks to his friends and property held by his wife, the term ruin in his case was only comparative. His return to this country was unheralded, and in Wall Street and in most railroad circles it has scarcely been known that Henry Villard had again entered active life. But it now appears that Mr. Villard has preserved throughout his misfortunes the backing of the foreign capitalists who gave him his first hold on the Northwest, as well as the confidence of powerful friends in this country; and at the recent Northern Pacific election he was restored to the directory of the company he largely created, as the representative of an interest which, if not practically dominant, will hereafter exercise a very positive influence over its policy and management. It is stated that as one result of the change of management, the Northern Pacific will be united at the eastern end with the Wisconsin Central, and at the other with an Oregon road, giving clear communication from Chicago to the Pacific, with the prospect of further combinations east of Chicago which will give a route from ocean to ocean, just as Huntington controls a route from ocean to ocean in the South, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad is seeking to do by way of Kansas.

Newspaper reporter, negotiator of railroad bonds, manager of a "blind pool" controlling millions, head of a great transcontinental railroad, a ruined man, forgotten for a time, to emerge from obscurity as again one of the railroad kings of this country—surely this is as romantic and dramatic a history as anything even in that portion of modern fiction which takes cognizance of romance. It is doubtful whether just such a series of sudden ups and downs could be paralleled in any other country. The chances in America are still many, despite monopolies and centralization, and this story is an encouraging one. But, notwithstanding the successful careers founded upon trickery, it is probable that this particular instance of a rehabilitation of shattered fortunes would not have been recorded, had not honesty marked the career for a time eclipsed.

THE nations of Europe are finding out that it is cheaper to purchase goods in the countries in which they are produced in the distant East and South rather than to buy them at second hand in England. The result is that Great Britain is being deprived of its distributing trade in Europe, of which it used to have almost a monopoly, and that the commerce of some of the Continental countries is increasing much more rapidly than her own. It would be very gratifying if the same could be said of the foreign carrying trade of the United States.

To THE enterprise and resources of *The Studio* the public is indebted for what is undoubtedly the most exquisite and artistic portrait of Mrs. Cleveland now extant. This is the etching made after his own drawing from life by M. Paul Rajon, the distinguished French artist, during his visit to this country last Winter, when the charming subject amiably accorded him two sittings at the White House. The etching appears in the July number of *The Studio*, which, after an unavoidable delay of several weeks, is now ready for delivery. The etching is a success, no less than the ably edited art review which it adorns.

We propose to prosecute a thorough inquiry into, and exposure of, the peculiar methods of Custom-house inspection at this port. In the portrayal of the indignities and outrages to which the traveling public are subjected, both pen and pencil will be employed; and to the end that the agitation of the subject may be the more effective, our columns will be open to statements of facts bearing upon it from all who may have suffered from the existing vicious methods, and desire to contribute to their removal. All ocean tourists are concerned in the abatement of the evil, and if all who have suffered will declare their grievances, a case will be made out which no Administration can afford to ignore.

THE unequaled activity in railroad-building in this country during the first six months of the present year, noticed and commented upon in July, in these columns, was unabated throughout that month and August, so that the aggregate mileage of new track laid in eight months was, according to the *Railway Age*, no less than 6,492 miles. These figures have never before been reached for the same time in any other year in the history of this or any other country, except in 1882, when there had been laid, September

1st, 7,000 miles of new track, the total for the year being 11,568 miles. The new track this year has been placed upon 219 roads, and is still in progress upon 100 of them, while it is under way, or about to be begun, on at least 50 more, so that the new mileage for 1887 will probably exceed 12,000 miles; thus surpassing the record of construction of the most notable year in the history of railroad building in the United States. And there is one feature of this activity this year that is especially gratifying—a larger percentage of the new track than during any previous period of activity is being laid where it is actually needed, and not in anticipation of business to be created in the future.

It seems that we have now, in addition to an American Opera which is not national, a National Opera which is not American. The former, Mrs. Thurber's original organization, is "in abeyance" for the time being. The latter has been organized by Mr. Charles E. Locke, who managed the American Opera last year, and who now announces a season of 140 nights of grand opera, sung in English by a company of artists largely European, and embracing some prominent members of last year's organization. There is immense vitality in the idea of grand opera in the vernacular, which we do not doubt will be eventually realized, though perhaps not fully until we have operas not only sung, but composed, by Americans.

THOSE who were engaged in the construction of the Northwestern Extension of the Western Union Telegraph line, in 1866, by which it was proposed to establish communication between Europe and America by means of a cable beneath Behring Strait, are unanimously of opinion that such a line could not have been maintained in working order along the inhospitable Northwest Coast, even if it could have been completed. If the physical obstacles to the construction of a telegraph line are too great to be overcome, the distinguished American now abroad quoted by Mr. Smalley in the *Tribune* certainly is "wild" when he predicts that "we shall put a railroad along the Pacific shores to Behring Strait, and with three hours' ferrage carry a Pullman car from New York to St. Petersburg." There are some things that even Yankee enterprise is not equal to, and this is probably one of them.

MR. SEWARD and Mr. Sumner anticipated that large revenues would accrue to the United States from its Alaskan purchase, and enumerated many of the sources from which they thought they would be derived, no one of which, however, has yielded a cent; while the seal fisheries, which they knew nothing of, have been a constant source of income. They have been made so only by strictly limiting the number of seals to be killed every year, and, after that, protecting them from unauthorized slaughter. But it is no easy matter to watch a body of water as large as Behring Sea, and the profits of illegitimate killing are so great that it is scarcely surprising to read in Treasury Agent Tingle's report an estimate that no less than 50,000 skins have been taken by marauders this year, of which 5,300 have been seized by the United States revenue officers. As the number of good skins taken by the lessee this year was only 100,000, it will be seen to what proportions this illegitimate killing of seals has grown.

THE iron-masters of the South are learning that something more than inexhaustible deposits of iron ore and coal, abundant capital to build furnaces and good markets, are necessary to enable them to compete successfully with the Pennsylvania furnaces. The reading public has been led to expect an enormous increase this year in the output from the furnaces of Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia; and if their productive capacity was equal to their number, finished and in course of construction, this expectation would not be disappointed. But a correspondent, writing from Birmingham, Ala., estimates that the product of Southern iron this year will scarcely equal that of last. The reasons he gives are lack of coke, fuel, intelligent labor and skillful management, and delays in building new furnaces. Next year, he believes, Southern furnaces will be much sharper competitors with those of Pennsylvania. The South is finding out the truth that unremitting labor intelligently directed is absolutely essential to the development of its rich mineral wealth.

THE prominent part taken by Speaker Carlisle in the conference in relation to tariff legislation said to have been held at the President's country seat near Washington, the talk of appointing Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, and the desire of the latter to "bounce" Samuel J. Randall out of the Democratic party because he favors protective duties, are not hopeful signs of tariff legislation during the coming session of Congress. The only condition upon which the passage of a tariff Bill will be possible, next Winter, will be that it shall be a conservative measure, making no attack upon the present protective system, and commanding itself to Mr. Randall and his followers, and to some of the Republicans holding less radical views upon this question. No Bill prepared by Mr. Carlisle or Mr. Mills is likely to be of such a character. Can the Democratic party afford to allow another session of Congress to pass, and enter upon a Presidential campaign, without correcting some of those incongruities of the tariff which statesmen of all parties admit and deplore?

THE almost unprecedented drought in Ireland, to which we recently referred, has just broken up, the change being preceded by a series of thunderstorms of the most violent character. The damage sustained by agriculture through the extreme heat and complete absence of rain for so many months has not been in the least overstated; no crops, either cereal or root, at all approaching an average. The potato, which must be always regarded in Ireland as the mainstay of the people, will yield very little better than one-third of the average product, some large fields being actually so worthless as to render digging an utterly useless work. The hay crop is also the poorest that has been gathered in several decades. Nor is Ulster in the least more fortunate than its sister provinces. The flax crop is the poorest, both as regards quality and quantity, that has been pulled for many years, and so great is the dearth of water, that the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting it steeped; the crops being in many cases kept "stooked" in the fields, waiting for the long-hoped-for rain. Altogether, the year will long be remembered as a particularly gloomy one in the annals of Irish agriculture.

SOME time since an English newspaper insinuated that it would be unsafe to trust the *Thistle* to the guidance of an American pilot in the races for the *America's* cup. This reflection upon the honor of our pilots, and yachtsmen as well, called out an indignant protest from the American Press, although it was perhaps unnecessary to take so low a suspicion seriously. Yet a portion of the American Press has seemed willing to attribute dishonorable conduct to the owners of the *Thistle*. A wild fairy tale of some sort of a soda-fountain attachment to the *Thistle's* keel was promulgated by one

newspaper, and there were some who solemnly maintained that the *Thistle* sailed not upon water, but upon a bed of air bubbles. There has appeared to be a prevalent notion that the *Thistle's* keel concealed a mystery, and, therefore, she has been spied upon like a hostile man-of-war until unreasoning inquisitiveness culminated in a midnight investigation of her keel by a diver employed by a city newspaper. Such treatment of a stranger must give the Scotch yachtsmen a curious idea of American courtesy. This race is supposed to represent the acme of truly sportsmanlike spirit, but if American yachtsmen are to sustain their reputation as sportsmen and gentlemen, they would do well to repudiate the injurious suspicion and Paul Pry spirit to which we have referred.

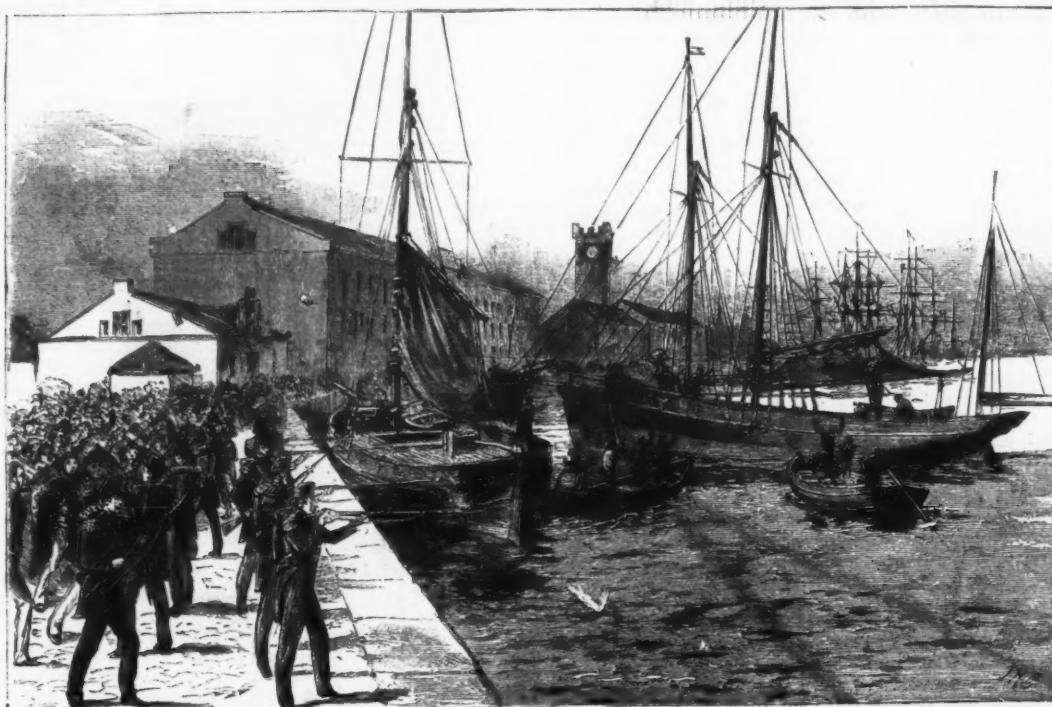
NOW THAT the usual Autumn revival of activity in business has followed upon the departure of Summer, the Saturday half holiday has become most unpopular among bankers, brokers and representatives of the dry goods and other trades. When business is lively, six full days are needed for its transaction, in the opinion of the majority of employers, and it seems doubtful whether the half-holiday will be maintained the year round. It is pointed out that this half-holiday takes out twenty-six days, or nearly a month, from the working year. Adding Sundays and other holidays, about one-fourth of the working year is gone. If the hours of labor are reduced from ten to eight, or one-fifth, then nearly two months more must be deducted, leaving seven months for work and five for play. But Saturday is practically a whole holiday in many kinds of business under the present law, and taking out the whole day, there remain only six months of the year for work. If wages are not reduced proportionately, business in this country is obviously at a hopeless disadvantage compared with business in countries which work the year through. In Germany, indeed, which is severely crowding English manufactures, work on Sunday seems to be deemed necessary to successful competition. Germany's example is not to be imitated, but since stagnation in business from competition or other causes is felt sooner or later most severely by workingmen, it is well for them to consider both sides, and not to carry the fashion of holidays and short hours to an extreme.

LIEUTENANT WOODFORD, an Inspector of the Signal Service Bureau of the War Department, has recently given some interesting facts to the public with reference to the work of the Bureau. Many persons will be surprised to hear that the Signal Service Station on the top of Mount Washington is to be discontinued. It has always been interesting to watch the atmospheric changes as reported from that station, but the authorities have regarded these reports more as curiosities than as being of any practical benefit. The altitude is so great that the changes there rarely affect the lower atmospheric strata. The wind might be blowing a hurricane at the summit of the mountain, while a dead calm prevailed at the base. During the Summer season the station will be maintained simply to accommodate visitors to the mountains, but it is to be dispensed with during the Winter as a needless expense. Speaking of the talked-of introduction of the newly invented electrometer, Lieutenant Woodruff explains the object of the instrument to be the foretelling the apparent approach of thunderstorms by several hours. The electrometer has not as yet been brought to a state of perfection which yields practical results, but a series of observations is being taken by all the stations, under all conditions of atmospheric pressure, and by a comparison of these, with the help of the electrometer, it will be possible to predict with accuracy the approach of storms of the character named. This will, of course, be of great benefit to all classes of people, and will greatly increase the usefulness of the Signal Service.

THE *Sun* has recently published a graphic account of the operations of the Workingwomen's Protective Union in this city, to which we have occasionally referred. It is important that working-women should understand the purpose of this organization, which aims to protect them against swindlers, and to secure their dues from conscienceless employers. The Union, it appears, has answered 290,415 applications since its establishment, furnished 48,107 employments, prosecuted 10,123 complaints of fraud, and recovered and paid to working-women \$35,372.57 in sums averaging \$3.49. Without the help of the Union the greater part of this sum would have remained in the pockets of cheating employers. One more step in legislation, it is stated, remains to be taken before poor women can obtain perfect protection, and that is the placing of female employees on the same level with male before the law. A man against whom judgment has been obtained for unpaid wages can be arrested and imprisoned for fifteen days, and a knowledge of this fact often brings forth the wages from men who claim to have put their property out of their hands. But there is no such power over female employers, and it is stated that milliners, dressmakers and others are continually swindling their employees out of petty sums, while their property is so placed as to be out of the reach of the law. These women should be made responsible. In this case no one would wish to deny them equal rights with men. We may add that applications to the Union cost nothing, and that the New York headquarters is at No. 19 Clinton Place.

On account of their general hostility to government in any form, the thoroughgoing Anarchists of the country have hitherto scorned to submit themselves to the yoke of citizenship. Perhaps the recent conflict between themselves and the forces of Henry George has led them to see that in order to "assert their rights" they need votes. At any rate they seem to have waked up to the necessity of becoming legal citizens of the United States and obtaining the right of suffrage. Herr Johann Most, the leader of the Anarchists of New York city, took occasion a short time since to advise his followers to become citizens, and more recently he has set them an example by offering his declaration of intention, or application for naturalization, to the Clerk of the Superior Court. Very properly, his application was refused, because, with characteristic impudence, he refused to promise to obey the laws of the State unless he considered them "good"; bad laws, he asserted, he would resist with force. This expression of Anarchist sentiment settled his case, of course, but the Chief Clerk might have found an equally good reason for denying Most's application in another United States statute, which provides that "An alien may be admitted to citizenship if it appears that during his residence in this country he has behaved as a man of good moral character, is attached to the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." This effectually bars Johann Most from the rights of American citizenship, a fact for which every patriotic man should be thankful. We do not want here the kind of freedom of which he is the advocate. Liberty is already established in the United States. We do not want to substitute anarchy in its place. Influenced by the example of their leader, other Anarchists will no doubt apply in considerable numbers. Let all such applicants be carefully examined, and their petitions refused unless they will subscribe to the oath exacted of other naturalized citizens.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 87.



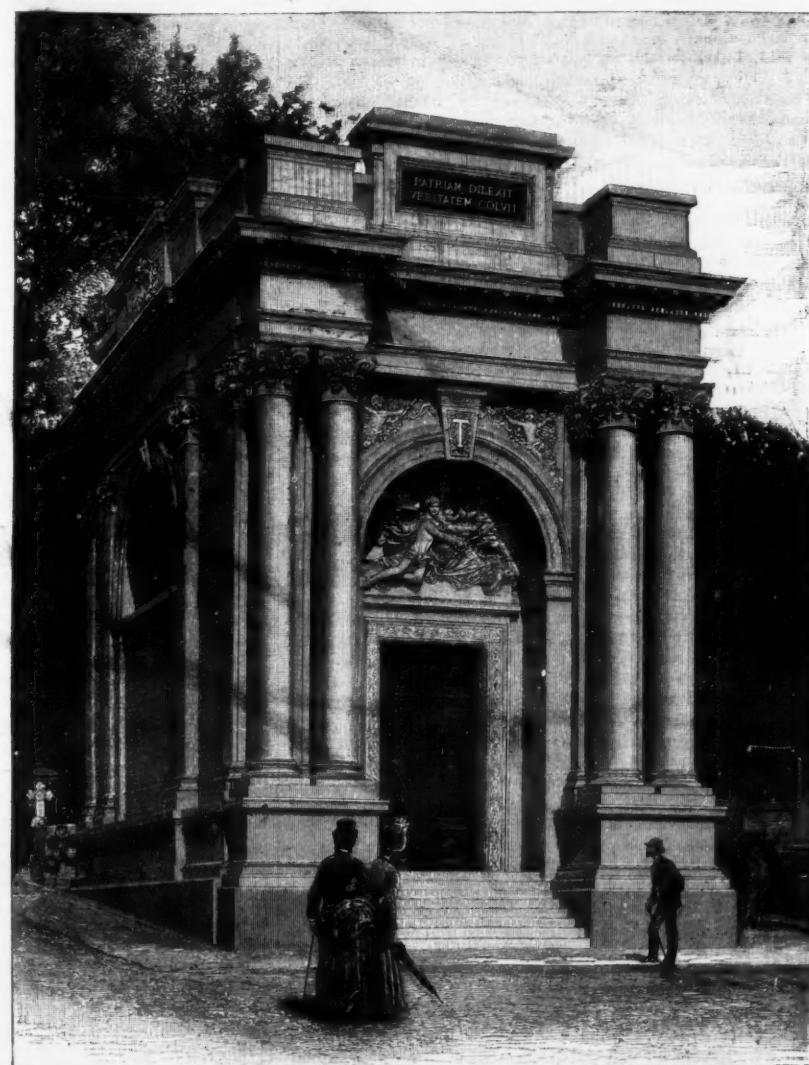
BELGIUM.—THE FRANCO-ENGLISH FISHERY RIOTS AT OSTEND—THE CIVIC GUARD FIRING ON THE RIOTERS.



BULGARIA.—PRINCE FERDINAND IN STATE UNIFORM.



SWITZERLAND.—THE MONT BLANC CENTENARY—MONUMENT TO SAUSSURE AND THE GUIDE BALMAT, AT CHAMONIX.



FRANCE.—MONUMENT TO M. THIERS, IN THE PÈRE-LACHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS.



GERMANY.—THE NEW KRUPP GUN FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY, ON THE RAILWAY FOR CONVEYANCE TO SPEZZIA.



FRANCE.—THE NEW IRON CURTAIN OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.



PENNSYLVANIA.—JOHN L. HILL, FOUNDER OF THE TOWN OF RUNNEMEDE, FLA.
PHOTO. BY STOKES.

MR. JOHN L. HILL, AND THE TOWN OF RUNNEMEDE, FLA.

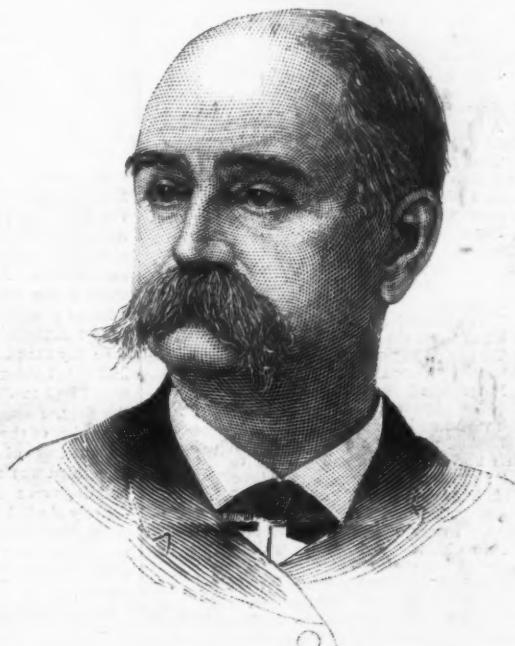
MR. JOHN L. HILL, the head of the "Floradelphia Syndicate" which is engaged in building up the town of Runnymede, Fla., and proposes to make the rich country thereabout blossom like the rose, is one of Philadelphia's most prominent and prosperous citizens. His public career in that city has extended over a score of years. As long ago as 1867, Mr. Hill was chief clerk in the Department of the Receiver of Taxes, which position he held until he was appointed, in 1869, Collector of Delinquent Taxes. In 1873 he was chosen by the City Government as one of the commissioners to represent Philadelphia at the Vienna Exposition in the year following. Mr. Hill fulfilled his part in this mission satisfactorily, and when the erection of the new public buildings of the City of Philadelphia was decided upon, he was appointed one of the first commissioners to take charge of the construction, and he has been a leading spirit in this important commission ever since.

Although it is entirely an office of honor, he has devoted his time in its behalf, taking care to see that everything is done on strict business principles and in the best interests of the city.

In 1885 Mr. Hill visited the State of Florida, where he spent the Winter. Observing the many opportunities for development presented by that State, he conceived the idea of founding a Winter resort, or, rather, a colony which might become a Winter resort. To this end he entered into association with a few friends; among whom was Mr. Hamilton Disston, one of Philadelphia's wealthiest and most enterprising citizens, and what is known as the "Floradelphia Syndicate" was formed. The name "Floradelphia" was coined by Mr. Hill as an amalgamation of Philadelphia and Florida. The object of this Syndicate was, and is, to establish a new town in Florida, where Northern enterprise and thrift can find scope. Proceeding with care and deliberation, it was some time before Mr. Hill found the precise location he desired. While in Florida he met Mr. A. Beauchamps Watson, a wealthy gentleman from London, who had been in the country for some time, and who was just preparing to start the town of Runnymede on East Tohopokaliga Lake, twelve miles from Kissimmee City, Fla. Mr. Hill was at once impressed with this place, and especially with the rich character of the land surrounding it, which is susceptible of the highest cultivation in the production of vegetables, sugar-cane, tropical fruits of all kinds, etc. This land will produce choice vegetables in the Winter, and early Spring months of February, March and April, which can be shipped to Northern markets at a very large profit, at a time of the year when there is no competition here. This struck Mr. Hill as being exactly what he was looking for.

The products of these rich and productive lands would sustain a town and give employment to many people, in trucking, fruit and vine-raising, sugar-planting, rice-growing, etc., having at the same time the advantage of quick transportation to the Northern markets. Moreover, the town is situated on a beautiful lake of clear, fresh water, covering about twenty square miles, and affording splendid facilities for boating, fishing, etc. With all these things in view, Mr. Hill concluded that energy, enterprise and capital could not fail to develop this place into one of the most attractive as well as one of the largest and richest towns in the State. In 1886, he purchased the tract from Mr. Watson; and he is now at work carrying out his ambitious plans for its future. Nothing will be left undone to make the young town attractive. There is a good, large hotel, which will probably be opened this Winter. Several pretty little cottages have already sprung up. The avenues are being carefully graded, and the place has all been re-surveyed into lots of convenient size, and into blocks by the acre for market-gardening, etc.

Mr. Hill has decided to devote his entire attention to this work in order to insure the success it merits. He has built a steamboat to afford quick transportation between Runnymede and Kissimmee City, on the South Florida Railroad, until the short road to Runnymede shall be constructed, the distance being only about twelve miles. Another advantage by which Mr. Hill profits is the starting of a new enterprise by a party of gentlemen headed by Mr. James Scott, son of the late Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who are putting up one of the largest sugar-mills in the country, almost adjoining the town of Runnymede. This is an excellent thing for small or large planters in

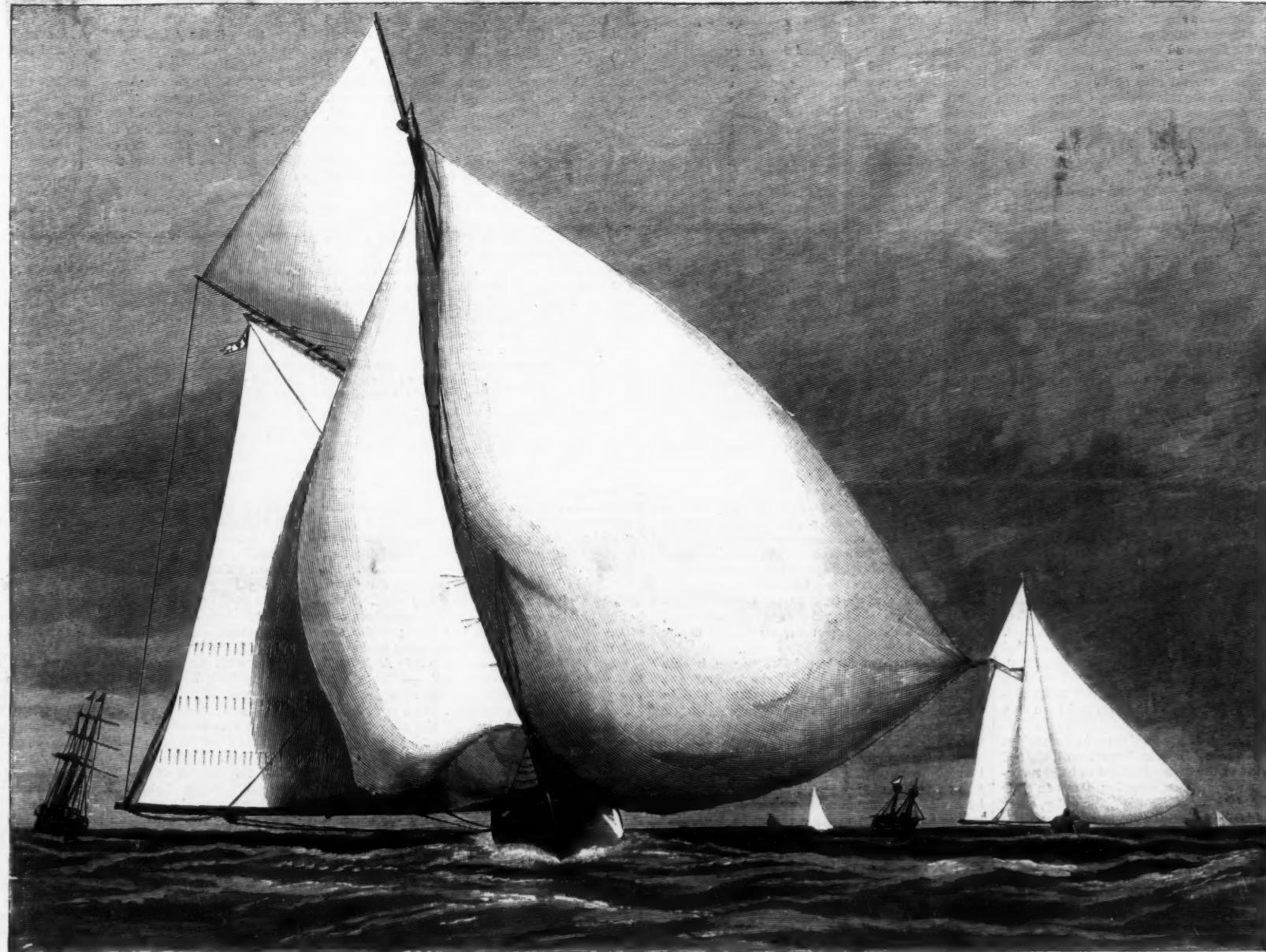


HON. SAMUEL S. CARLISLE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BOLIVIA.
PHOTO. BY JOHN H. CLARKE, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 87.

that vicinity, opening at their doors a market for their cane, when raised. The character of soil in this immediate locality generally produces at a fair estimate about \$200 per acre in cane.

Mr. Hill has established his headquarters at No. 5 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, where his clerks are busy attending to an extensive correspondence from all parts of the country, mailing information, maps, etc. He has also established a branch office in Washington, D. C.

The Hon. William D. Kelley, who visited Runnymede last Winter, was very favorably impressed with the place, and in his book, "The New South," just about being issued, he pays particular attention to this portion of the State and its advantages. The Hon. A. K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, and many other prominent gentlemen who have visited the place, entertain the same enthusiastic opinion as Mr. Hill, who has been deservedly complimented on his good judgment in securing this location and establishing the town of Runnymede.



SELECTING A COMPETITOR FOR THE YACHT "THISTLE" — THE TRIAL RACE OF SEPTEMBER 16TH — SCENE AFTER THE START.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

TEMPLE AND TOMB.

SHE said, "I will build a temple—
A shrine for my love—my own;"
And she wrenched the gems from her diadems,
And laid the corner-stone.
And the walls were white and shining
With the light of perfect trust,
And the gleaming spire rose high and higher,
Like a faith that scorns the dust.

It gleamed in the glorious sunlight
A thing of wonderful art,
Built of all things best and holiest
That grow in a woman's heart.
And high up over the temple,
In a niche in the tower above,
A snow-white throne in splendor shone
For the worshiped idol—Love.

But suddenly over its beauty
A shadow fell one morn,
Between the light and the temple bright
There settled the cloud of scorn.
It hung from the glistening tower
To the corner-stones below;
It covered the walls like funeral palls—
It tarnished the throne of slow.

The woman who reared the temple
Looked up with a smothered moan,
Then bowed her head and with white lips said,
"I must tear it stone from stone."
With hands that were bruised and bleeding
She pulled down the structure bright,
Till the tower of trust fell into the dust,
And with it the throne of white.

She picked out her beautiful jewels
From the *debris* at her feet,
And her soul was pained to see them stained
And hurt by the soil of the street.
The clouds grew darker and darker,
And the world seemed draped in gloom,
And the broken gems of her diadems
Formed corner-stones of a tomb.

And she built from the shattered fragments
Of the temple fair and bright
A sepulchre for the hopes that were,
And buried them out of sight.
And there in that grave in the silence,
Where she rolled a mighty stone,
Lie buried her youth and her heart's best truth,
While she walks in the world—alone.

A MODERN FIRE-WORSHIPER.
A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

By A. T. SINCLAIRE.

A REIGN of terror prevailed in Paynesville. For months stealthy and tireless incendiaries had held the town at their mercy. The consternation had become universal. At last, urged on by a resistless popular demand, the town authorities resolved upon heroic measures, and a large reward was offered for the detection and arrest of the fire-fleas. It was at this point that I was called into the case.

I began my detective work by numerous private conferences with the city authorities, citizens and officials of the insurance companies, questioning them upon the facts and attending circumstances of the fires. I also examined the fire records in connection with a local map of Paynesville, and the result of three days' interviews, questions and examinations was the following collected data: Of fifty-two barns, stables and outbuildings burned within a period of about three years and a half, thirty-four had been entirely empty and disused at the time of setting on fire; nine contained property of little value; five held valuable stocks of hay and grain; three had each two animals in them, and not rescued from the fire; and only one case, but that a remarkable one, presented any exception to this general condition of emptiness and disuse. This was in the burning of the large private stable belonging to a wealthy resident of Paynesville, where eight animals were lost, together with several valuable carriages, etc., while the coachman's family of seven persons, living over the stables, barely escaped with their lives. With this exception there had been little loss of live stock, and there was but this one instance where human lives were endangered.

The latter case bothered me for a while, apparently conflicting with a certain hypothesis forming in my mind. But upon subsequent inquiry, I found that the stable had been empty and entirely unused for several months before the fire, and had only been occupied a few days previous, the owner's family having returned from a prolonged absence abroad.

The fires had nearly all occurred about eleven o'clock at night, usually between a quarter before and ten minutes past eleven; when later, there was evidence of their having been started earlier, but for some cause they had been slow in breaking out. Of the fifty-two fires, all of them had occurred between the hours of half-past ten P. M. and two A. M., and thirty-three of them had broken out shortly before or soon after eleven P. M. The fifty-two fires had all happened on dark nights, when there was no moon, but the atmosphere clear. Not one of the fires had been on a stormy night.

My examination of the local map, in connection with the records of the Fire Department, showed the localities of the successive fires to be in recurrent opposite directions, skipping about in their course, but with a certain methodic order, every third or fourth fire occurring in the immediate neighborhood of a previous one, this regular coming back again in their course indicating a definite, intelligent planning.

There was also a strange periodicity in the recurring intervals of these fires, two of them sometimes occurring within a week of each other, and then there was a lapse of from four to five weeks before the next fire; thus suggesting an element of femininity that struck me like a sudden revelation, and of which I could not afterwards rid myself.

There was a noticeable regularity in the frequency of the fires, covering the long period of over three years, which indicated permanency in the presence of their perpetrator, not the chance coming and going of the occasional tramp. Had they been the incendiaries of wandering tramps, there would have been periods of a close succession of several fires, followed by an interval of rest and no fires.

From all these collected facts I concluded that the incendiary was a woman, probably a good station, from the marked avoidance of stormy nights, and a permanent resident of the place.

My next step was to visit the sites of all the fires, both recent and remote. I not only visited the scenes of past fires, but I also inspected and dotted down on a map, that I made out as I went along, all the present empty and unoccupied barns and stables. At the end of rather more than a week I was ready to settle down to my regular work of possible detection of "the person or persons unknown."

In my examination of unoccupied buildings, I had noted three, which, from a close study of the map I had made, showing the routes followed by the fires, I considered most likely to receive the next visit of the fire-fiend. Of these, two were on the outskirts of the city, near the sites of old fires. The third was a rickety mass of low, shambling buildings on a side street, a lonely, secluded spot, densely shaded by heavy maple-trees, making the place dark enough at night to conceal any crime, while the trees lining the street on both sides for several blocks provided a long distance of safe escape.

These stables were owned by a non-resident, and had been allowed, from want of repair, to become unfit for use. They adjoined handsome private grounds, and had long been an eyesore to the people.

Having fixed on these three buildings as the next threatened, I called in six of my best men and prepared for action.

My plan was to set a night-watch of two men in each of these three buildings, myself making the third in one of them, at the same time protecting each of them from fire. I therefore had collected and carefully placed in each building a number of old carpets, blankets and woolen refuse, some large casks filled with water, buckets and hand-grenades—for I intended to let the incendiaries start their fire, under watchful eyes, so as to have absolute proof of their guilt, and then extinguish it before any serious damage was done. It is true, this work would have to be quick and sure, for the free use of kerosene in starting these fires had been clearly traceable in nearly every instance, and was, in fact, the only way to account for their gaining such rapid headway, making total destruction of the building all but certain before the firemen could arrive. But my men were cool of nerve, trusty, and skilled in their work, and I had no fear. I also arranged between the two remote buildings, no great distance apart, a means of communication, so that the men in each could instantly go to the aid of the others at a given signal.

By the time I had completed these arrangements full two weeks had gone by. A period of comparative inactivity now followed, and the authorities were becoming uneasy at the lack of some definite results of "all this work and expense." But meantime my men were not idle. They were mingling with the people, visiting suspicious haunts, and exercising a keen scrutiny everywhere.

One day, Parker, one of the men on night-post with me, on making his report, remarked, incidentally:

"There's a woman that's very fond of driving about the country. She is here and there, in and out of town, and along the roads. She drives a pony phaeton, sometimes alone, but sometimes has a coachman; she is a regular barn-inspector, with a fancy for looking at vacant ones. To-day I met her as I was coming along the road to Elliott's Mills. There is a place there 'For Sale.' The family moved away about a month ago, and house, barn and everything else are clean dead empty.

Just as she was opposite the gates she made the coachman stop to pick up her parasol that had fallen out; and I'll be hanged if she didn't drop it herself on purpose, so as to have a good look at the place."

"What is she like?" I asked.

"She is about eighteen or twenty, of medium build, black hair, large, soft dark eyes, and as pretty and quiet-looking a piece of furniture as you ever set eyes on."

The next day, Martin, one of the men in charge of the other buildings, reported a woman, answering the same description, passing and repassing his barn in a slow, watchful way, as though expecting to meet somebody, yet always eying the barn, which faced directly upon the street, and finally walking quietly away.

I instructed my men to get this woman, in case she were wanted; and next day she was traced to her home on Summit Heights, a woodland ridge in the suburbs of the city, where a number of fine residences were situated, and from which a commanding view of all Paynesville could be had.

That same night, about nine o'clock, I was returning from an interview with the Mayor, and was on my way to my post, when I was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, with heavy rain. I hastily took refuge under a railroad bridge, glad to escape a drenching. Bracing myself behind one of the projecting stone foundations, I was soon lost in thought, and did not at first notice two men who had sought the same shelter soon after me. I had enough to think of. The Mayor was getting impatient, complaining of "delay," "nothing definite," and I had to admit to myself that I had as yet very little "to show." To-night rounded the third week of my stay in Paynesville, to-morrow would begin the fourth week since the last fire, and I had really no direct, positive clew

to the perpetrators of the deed. I was busy cross-examining myself, judge and jury in one, asking if I could possibly have made any mistake, when between the heavy peals of thunder, I suddenly caught the words:

"Seen Dick lately?"

"No; guess his fire-queen has gone back on him again."

At the words "fire-queen" I pricked up my ears.

"The 'red paint' business doesn't seem to agree with Dick," continued the first speaker, with half-laugh. "I saw him the other day, and he looks years older than he did a month ago."

"If I had that woman I'd clap a pair of 'bracelets' on her, of a kind her dainty wrists wouldn't like," replied his companion.

"If it wasn't for betraying an old friend I'd give my ladybug up right quick, and gather in that reward. A clean five thousand isn't to be picked up every day for the asking," said the other, rather gruffly.

"She's played a pretty long rope," was the curt reply; "but she'll find, some day, she's come to the short end of it."

I had my case! I knew it! My heart gave a great throb of triumph and relief. After all, it was a woman! From that moment those two men were to be in my close care until they led me to my quarry. The sharp flashes of lightning had revealed them to me, while they had not seen me in my concealment.

The storm had now abated, and the men left their shelter, followed by their shadow, myself. They took me to a saloon in the neighborhood. From there I sent for a District Telegraph boy, and directed him to go to the corner near the building where I had my night-post; when there, to give a peculiar whistle, and to bring the man who would join him to me. In fifteen minutes Parker came into the saloon. I soon communicated with him, gave him the spot on my two men, and left them in his charge. They could have no better keeper.

I had seen the men before. They belonged to the better class of tramps, and one of my men had already made their acquaintance. I put him in their company, and they soon connected with the man I wanted—the "Dick" of the railroad-bridge conversation. His name was Creighton. I had already met him, and had once spoken with him, but without knowing his name. Dick Creighton was a thoroughly first-class gentleman tramp, about twenty-seven years of age, good-looking, a man of excellent family, and of college education; but early dissipation and irregular habits, leading to the loss of one situation after the other, had gradually brought him to what he was.

Dick was now taken care of, in hopes that he would soon bring us to his "fire-queen," and, sure enough, in two days he had an interview with her, and, as I anticipated, she proved to be our young lady friend of Summit Heights, Miss Natalie Raymond.

She drove her pony phaeton alone, and met him on a sealed road by the woods, the old forest growth that still skirted the town. Their conversation could not be heard, but Dick was very earnest with her, and seemed to be anxiously pleading for some object. She listened quietly, sometimes prettily defiant, then talking to him in a coaxing, caressing way; and once, as he held her hands, and was vehemently remonstrating with her, she broke down and cried bitterly. For some time he let her cry. At the end of it all she evidently made some promise that was satisfactory to Dick, for, as she drove off, she turned around, and, with a light laugh, cried out, "I will keep my promise this time, Dick!" And she left Dick standing looking after her with a glow upon his face as though a rainbow illuminated it. Perhaps it did—the rainbow of hope in the lover's heart.

I at once telegraphed to Columbus for another man, and upon his arrival placed this woman in his charge, and from that hour, wherever Miss Natalie Raymond went, day or night, her shadow followed her like fate.

It was now four weeks since the last fire had occurred, and Paynesville seemed lulled to rest in a period of fancied security. People had ceased talking of "firebugs," "tramps" and "incendiaries," and even the Mayor and his official adjuncts appeared to have forgotten to question me about "the act."

It was about half-past ten o'clock one night. I was on my regular post, inside the building; Parker and Owens on watch outside. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard. The night was still and dark, the sky overcast, neither moon nor star to be seen, but little wind stirring.

"Just the night," I had remarked to Parker, "for ladybugs to be out." It was two days since Dick Creighton's interview with Miss Raymond. I was busily thinking over all the present situation, and of that interview. What was that promise she had made to him? Had it anything to do with the fires? If so, would she keep it? And would that put a stop to the fires, and—

The signal was given me that some one was approaching. I waited, keenly on the alert. In a few minutes the small door swung in, and the main door of the stable, which stood partly open—for so I found it on first examining the place—was slowly pushed back, and a woman stood in the opening. She paused a moment, then stepped over and within, stood still, as if to make sure no one was about, then slowly closed the door. Again she waited a few moments, then hastily, but with singularly quiet, easy movements, went to the back part of the stable, where a low shed, that had been used for tools, joined on two sides the main and wing buildings respectively. Here she gathered together some loose boards, broken boxes and small chips, and drawing a can of kerosene from under the loose dark cloak she wore, she poured a quantity of it over them. She then went to a light-wagon, which some neighbor, undaunted by past fires, had put in here out of

his way, and fairly saturated it with kerosene; then taking it by the shafts, she pushed it towards the entrance of the shed.

As I watched the thoroughness of her work, for a moment a question of its consequences flashed across me. But my men had close instructions, we were well prepared, and I had no fear of them, now that the moment of decisive action had come.

The next took a box of matches from her pocket. She was cool, quiet and deliberate in all she did, pausing every now and then to look about before continuing her work. When all her preparations were completed, she went to the door and looked out. Apparently satisfied, she returned, struck a match and set fire to the piled-up material in the shed. For one brief moment she watched it, as if to make sure the flames had well started, then, with a slight, quick movement, she ignited a heavy twist of paper she had made up, threw it burning into the kerosene-saturated buggy, and with a rush started for the door. But as she reached it my grip was on her arm, the sharp signal given, and my men were fighting the fire, the first vivid flash of which had shown me the face of Natalie Raymond, and I knew for certain that my firebug and Dick's fire-queen were the same.

As she felt my grasp upon her arm, she gave a start, flushed up a quick, piercing look at me, and then, seeing the flames leap up, she gave a sudden, sharp cry of "Fire! Fire!" In an instant I clapped my hand over her mouth, and with a word made her understand she must not repeat her cry. She then made a mad, fierce struggle to free herself from my hold, when I slipped the "bracelets" on her wrists, for there was no time to be lost fooling with her, and I did not want to hurt her. I then fastened the small door, and she knew she was a helpless prisoner, and became quiet.

I was free to help my men, now reinforced by Wilson, her shadower, who had followed Miss Raymond from her home; and thus there were four of us at work. It was a sharp, fierce fight for a few minutes, but we had kept well prepared, for every night in my round of inspection I had seen for myself that in each building the blankets were freshly wet, the old carpets sprinkled just enough to make them damp, the casks and buckets filled with water, and the hand-grenades ready to be snatched up. These precautions served us in good stead now, and soon the flames were smothered and the fire stamped out, leaving the smoked and blistered wagon, some burned boards and a few charred timbers as blackened proofs of the incendiary's act.

I sent for a carriage, directed Parker to call the men off post in the other buildings, for their duty was over, and putting Miss Raymond into the carriage, drove to the hotel, and placed her in a suitable room. I took the handcuffs from her wrists, that she might remove her hat and cloak, and as I did so she asked me, with a strange simplicity that went straight to my heart:

"What are they?"

"They are ugly things," I answered, as I put them in my pocket, "that we don't like to use." Poor thing! the "bracelets" were a kind of jewelry she had never seen before, and had too soon learned the use of.

I wrote a note to her father, telling him that his daughter was in my custody at the hotel, and requesting his presence, and sent it by Wilson. I also sent a messenger with a note to the Mayor. She watched me at first very quietly while I did all this, but I noticed now and then a strange glitter in her eyes. She soon became restless and uneasy in her movements and talkative, but in a nervous, high-pitched tone of voice, and with a half-irrelevant lack of meaning in her speech. I now tried to get a confession from her about the fires, but I might as well have talked to the dead. She would not speak about them, but sat bolt upright in her chair, while the curious glitter in her eyes, as she looked from me to Parker, who had joined me, and back again, seemed every moment getting brighter, and her face was ghastly white.

"What are you going to do with me?" she kept asking. "Shall you take me away somewhere?" And as I attempted with soothing words to allay any fears of harsh treatment, she arose and paced the room in a somewhat tragic manner; but she would neither deny nor acknowledge any part in the fires, nor, in fact, take any notice of my questions or accusations. Finally, thinking to startle her into some admission, I said, "Shall I send for Dick?"

"Alas! I was the incendiary this time. Like a flash of lightning she was upon me, beating my chest furiously with her hands, tearing wildly at me, and trying with unnatural strength to push me over, while, with a sharp ring in her voice, she cried:

"You shall not see him! You shall not tell him! Dick will never forgive me!" Then she broke off with a shrill laugh, "Oh, it was such fun to see them burn!"

Then, with another violent rush at me, she threw up both hands, and with a wild, piercing scream that rang through the house, shrieked, "Fire! fire! fire!" and the next instant was swinging across my arm in a dead swoon, and I knew that I had before me insanity in one of its worst forms. I placed her upon a couch, summoned the matron of the hotel, and sent for a physician. When Natalie Raymond recovered from her swoon she was a raving maniac.

I will not attempt to describe her father's anguish upon being told the sad facts. He had suspected nothing. Natalie was his only child, her mother dead, and the insanity hereditary, her maternal grandmother having died in an insane asylum. Up to this time Natalie had shown no symptoms of the disease, for though sometimes a little wayward, she had always had a remarkably sweet and amiable disposition, while her sex, her youth, her social position, and the peculiar cunning of insanity, had completely warded off all suspicion of her incendiary acts.

As for poor Dick Creighton, when I sent for him the next day and told him all that had happened, I pitied him. The story of his acquaintance with his "fire-queen" was simple enough. He had first met her one day as she was driving along the road, alone; an accident had happened to the harness, and he offered his aid. They were mutually attracted, for, as I have said, Dick was a gentleman, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into a genuine affection on both sides. Dick promised to reform and win her father's favor, and all seemed well, when one night Dick and his two companions, the men of the railroad-bridge conversation, were in a barn which she set on fire, and discovered her in the act, but too late to save the building; yet Dick's first thought, even in the horror of recognizing the woman he loved in the incendiary, was to save her from detection, and he had hastily sworn his friends to secrecy, for his sake, and for her sake, a woman. She had afterwards partly admitted to him her complicity with previous fires, but "meant no harm—she liked to see them burn," and "no one was hurt!" and promised never to light another. Then came another fire, and Dick knew that she had done it. No wonder he had grown so old in a few weeks.

In the interview watched by my men, he had, partly by a manly severity, partly by a lover's pleading, finally won from her a full confession; that it was she who for these three years past had started all the incendiary fires, but always selecting empty barns, that "no one should be hurt." In the one instance noted at the beginning of my narrative she did not know it had been so recently occupied. With the tears of repentance flowing from her eyes, she had promised him, if he would forgive her, never to repeat her acts. Dick had then told her of a position he had secured in St. Louis, and added that, before leaving to take it, he would ask her father's consent to win her for his wife. But he did not add, to her, that he also intended to tell her father all the unhappy circumstances, and beg him to take his daughter away from the scenes of her constant temptation, in the hope that time and change of surroundings would cure her. But he was too late. The disease was developing too rapidly, insanity knows no promise, and she lit one fire too many.

The rest is soon told. Miss Raymond was removed to an asylum, and the sad affair, for her sake and her father's, was kept quiet, so that only those immediately connected with it knew that the incendiary had been discovered. Mr. Raymond was not only a wealthy, but a just and an honorable man, and he reimbursed, so far as possible, all those whose losses were not covered by insurance.

The shock upon Dick Creighton produced a complete reform. He took his position in St. Louis, became a steady business man, and has since been admitted to partnership. His two companions, by the influence of my men, were induced to abandon their tramping. One of them returned to his regular trade of carpentry, married an old love, and became an industrious member of society. The other is now one of the ablest men in my force.

In about three months Miss Raymond sufficiently recovered to be taken to Europe, where her reason was finally restored, but her health failed, and the next year she died of a fever contracted at Rome during the Carnival.

Paynesville has since enjoyed a peaceful immunity from fires, and the last I heard from there, it was rejoicing in the full possession of a paid fire department.

HON. SAMUEL STUART CARLISLE, U. S. MINISTER TO BOLIVIA.

HON. SAMUEL S. CARLISLE, of New Orleans, who was recently appointed Minister Resident and Consul-general to Bolivia, to succeed William A. Seay, resigned, was born in Philadelphia, February 11th, 1836, but was carried by his parents in the same year to St. Louis, where he spent his boyhood. He received a liberal education at Wyman's High School, at the time a widely celebrated institution of learning in that city, and later completed his studies at the University of Missouri. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he entered the Confederate army as a private, enlisting in the First Missouri Regiment, Infantry. He was in Breckinridge's Reserve Division at Shiloh, and later was promoted, for meritorious service, from the ranks to the staff. He was a participant in the defense of Vicksburg, serving on the staff of General John S. Bowen, and remained in the service to the close of the war. He then settled in New Orleans, where he has achieved honorable distinction, first engaging in the cotton business, and then, in 1875, entering the profession of the law, which he has pursued with industry and success. He was appointed by the Governor of Louisiana a member of the City Board of Public Schools in 1880, and was shortly thereafter elected its President, which position he held until 1884. He was then elected a State Senator, to represent the Garden district of New Orleans, which position he still holds. In the sessions of the Legislature he has specially distinguished himself as an earnest friend of education, serving as the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education. He is and has been always a staunch Democrat, and is the strong personal friend and political ally of the distinguished Senator Eustis, of Louisiana. His appointment to the diplomatic service has given great satisfaction in Louisiana. The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "He is a very energetic gentleman, and his mercantile experience, combined with his professional learning, are factors which will contribute towards the able fulfillment of the mission intrusted to his care."

THE "VOLUNTEER" THE CHOICE.

After two unsuccessful attempts to find wind enough for a race, the two Boston yachts, the *Mayflower* and the *Volunteer*, had it out last Friday, settling once for all which boat is to be the *Thistle's* competitor in the races for the *America's* cup. It is the *Volunteer*. In a good wind, on the open sea, over a 38-mile course, she beat

the *Mayflower* by a little more than sixteen minutes. In the run of ten miles before the wind the *Mayflower* gained 22 seconds on the *Volunteer*; in the first reach of nine miles, the *Volunteer* gained 1 minute and 23 seconds on the *Mayflower*; in the second reach, same distance, she gained 1 minute and 59 seconds on last year's favorite; and in the ten miles of beating dead to windward which followed, the *Volunteer* ran away from the *Mayflower* to the extent of 13 minutes and 2 3/5 seconds. It was a splendid race, gallantly won. The Cup Committee decided it settled the question of superiority between the two yachts; and official notice was at once given to General Paine, the *Volunteer's* owner, to be ready to meet the *Thistle* in the races of September 27th and 29th, and if necessary, October 1st. Interest in last Friday's race was increased by the participation of the *Thistle*. She went over the course in a style that showed her formidability, but as she was not in racing trim, it was difficult to draw definite conclusions from her performance.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

KRUPP'S BIGGEST GUN.

We give an illustration of a mammoth piece of ordnance constructed for the Italian Navy in the factories of the late Alfred Krupp at Essen, Germany. This gun, which is the largest hitherto produced, weighs 118 tons, and is 45 feet long. It throws a steel projectile weighing nearly a ton, charged with six hundred-weight of powder, to the distance of eight miles, at the rate of 614 yards in a second. The shot can penetrate a steel armor-plate 36 inches thick immediately at the mouth of the gun, and a plate 29 inches thick at the distance of a mile or more. Our picture shows the great cannon as it appeared when placed on a special railway-wagon, for conveyance to Antwerp, where it was put on board ship to be carried round into the Mediterranean, consigned to the Italian naval arsenal at Spezzia.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

Our picture of Prince Ferdinand in the uniform of a Bulgarian general, the costume in which he made his state entry into Sofia, shows a handsome man with a Bourbon cast of features. The Paris *Figaro* publishes a letter written by him, expressing delight at his enthusiastic reception in Bulgaria. He believes that the people of the country are thoroughly attached to him, and he hopes to rescue Bulgaria from the crisis in which she is placed. In any case he is resolved to do his duty whatever happens.

THE MONT BLANC CENTENARY.

The centenary of the first ascent of Mont Blanc was celebrated at Chamonix on Sunday, the 28th ult., with much ceremony. Chamonix was a mass of flags and decorations, and crowded with Alpine enthusiasts of all nations. The event of the day was the unveiling of a fine bronze statue of Jacques Balmat, the guide who first reached the summit of the mountain. The statue represents Balmat in his mountain dress showing Mont Blanc to Benedict de Saussure, the French savant, who fixed the height of the mountain during his ascent a year later. Mont Blanc was first conquered in August, 1786, so this commemoration was just a year after date.

THE MONUMENT TO M. THIERS.

On the 3d inst., the elaborate and imposing monument represented in our engraving was dedicated in the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, Paris, to the memory of the late M. Thiers. It is in the form of a Renaissance chapel, of granite, marble and porphyry, and ornamented with sculptures. Two Corinthian columns on either side of the principal facade support an entablature bearing the following inscription in letters of gold: "Patriam dixit. Veritatem coluit." The bass-reliefs representing the Genius of Patriotism, and those of Letters and Science, are by the sculptor Chapu, and the bronze doors from the Roland atelier.

ENGLAND'S FISHERY DISPUTES.

England has a fishery quarrel on hand in eastern waters, as well as in Canada; and during the past month the former has led to riots at Ostend, which were sternly repressed by the Belgian military force. The troops fired on the infuriated mob; two men were shot dead, and five others were seriously wounded. Much ill-feeling of the Ostend fishermen towards English fishermen landing their fish in that port had been fermenting for a long time past. The violent scenes which have been enacted during the last few weeks are regarded as arising out of the old feuds which have taken place from time to time in the North Sea and on other fishing-grounds. This, it is alleged, is the substantial grievance, even more so than the question of Englishmen landing fish in Belgium duty free; though Belgian fisherman complain also that they have to pay heavy duties in France, while in England the syndicates of middlemen prevent them from selling their fish. The riots are further attributable to the protectionist measures favored by the Chambers, and especially to the duties on foreign cattle and meat. The aim of the fishermen is to prevent foreigners, especially Englishmen, from selling fish in Ostend. In that port the fishermen number 1,100, and there are sixteen boat-owners and 190 boats. The families of these men have of late suffered great misery.

THE IRON CURTAIN AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

The principal theatres of Paris, which have been closed for an extensive and costly overhauling as a result of the terrible fire at the Opéra Comique, are finally reopening their doors to the public. New exits have been built, electric lights put in, and elaborate preparations made for turning on a deluge of water the instant an alarm is given. Besides these improvements, the Comédie Française has an iron curtain, which, raised and lowered by hydraulic power, completely separates the auditorium from the stage, in case of fire. For decorative effect, this iron curtain is faced with an immense canvas, upon which is painted a magnificent portico and colonnade, with busts of Molière, Racine, etc., towards which a Muse in the foreground extends the laurel wreath.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR HIGH SPEED.

The Boston *Advertiser* says: "It is within the recollection of the young men of this day that the horse which trotted a mile in 2:40 was one of the fast ones, and when talk of a steam locomotive making a mile in a minute was received with expressions of incredulity. To-day the limit for a locomotive is little more than half that expressed in the phrase, 'a mile a minute.' Engineer John

Hogan, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad engine No. 134, has driven it at the astonishing speed of a mile in thirty-eight seconds. Other engineers, with Reading engines Nos. 206, 411, 96, 97, 98 and 99, have made miles in forty-three and forty-four seconds. Hogan's speed is at the rate of over ninety-four miles per hour; those of the others are respectively eighty-three and a half and almost eighty-two miles per hour. These high rates of speed were made under circumstances all of which were favorable to a successful test. These are extreme limits of high speed for short distances, but locomotive-builders are anxious to increase the speed of their machines so that an average speed of eighty miles per hour shall replace the old-time limit of sixty.

"A novelty in the line of engine-building is just now attracting the attention of engineers and builders. It is a locomotive designed by M. Esdale, a graduate of L'Ecole Polytechnique, which is to be experimented with on the southern lines of France. The locomotive depends on its large-sized driving-wheels for its speed of seventy-eight miles per hour which it is expected to attain. The engine, tender and coaches are fitted with wheels eight and a half feet in diameter. The engine is of the outside-cylinder type, with slide valve on top of cylinder and all the gearing carried outside. The average speed which the locomotive is expected to make is between seventy-two and seventy-eight miles per hour with a train of loaded coaches.

"Of course, if the French engine averages the speed expected, she will be able to make 'spurts' exceeding anything on record."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

GERMANS ARE CROWDING OUT THE BRITISH SHIPPING IN JAPANESE WATERS.

PROSPECTORS are roaming about the mountain country of Tennessee, through which railroads are to pass, seeking ore-beds, which can now be bought for merely nominal prices. Rich lead and silver ore have been found in several localities. In one immense cave in Putnam County five distinct veins of lead, all valuable, have been found.

A NEW thing is promised in New York city politics this Fall. A Know-nothing fraternity proposes to parade the city after the fashion of the Salvation Army, with boy drum corps and perhaps women tambourinists, to gain recruits for the American party. Open-air and indoor meetings will be held at convenient points, and converts on probation will be dragged into the fold and made over into useful members. The organization calls itself the Patriotic Order of Liberty Boys.

THE report of General Joseph E. Johnston, the Government Railroad Commissioner, gives the debt of the Union Pacific at the end of last December as \$159,499,747, which, with its capital stock, gives a total of liabilities of \$220,368,247, while its assets are stated at \$257,592,821. The capital stock of the Central Pacific is \$68,000,000 and its funded debt \$61,697,000. No inspection of the Northern Pacific was made. Its capital stock is \$86,936,766, its total debt \$85,158,484, and its assets are put at \$173,179,220.

THE newest thing in saloons is the "Silver Dollar," a drinking-place in the heart of the squalid but busy Polish district in New York. Its sign is a gigantic counterfeit presentation of the coin that all industriously strive after, while specimens of the veritable coin itself are to be cemented into the floor and screwed to the handles of the beer-pumps. In all 700 of these illusive disks will pave the floor and armor-plate various articles of furniture. The proprietor says, philosophically, that if the heels of customers wear off the faces of the coins he will cheerfully replace the damaged pieces with others fresh from the Mint.

THE latest news from Stanley is very reassuring. He was ascending the Aruwimi with his boat and raft, and was having the pleasure of exploring new regions while directly proceeding towards the relief of Emin Bey. The Aruwimi flows westerly into the Congo, so that Stanley, in following it up to its headwaters, was going straight towards Albert Lake. It, as has been conjectured, another river to the eastward, mapped and partly explored, is really a portion of the Aruwimi, then Stanley has been pursuing the shortest water highway to Wadelai. Long before the present time he has found out the truth about this matter, since he expected to reach Wadelai by the middle of August.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot, which seems likely to succeed, to get Parliament to declare the anniversary of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national *fête* day. The hitch in the way lies in the efforts made by the late Bishop of Orleans to get her canonized. There are many Republicans who now regard her as a symbol of clericalism, notwithstanding the circumstances of her trial and death. However, the authority of Michelet and Henri Martin can be invoked in her favor. Both historians were staunch Republicans, and both regarded her as a champion of free thought, inasmuch as she placed her inner light, or what the "celestial voices" said to her, above ecclesiastical authority. Were she merely put forward as a symbol of patriotism her *fête* day would be kept with universal enthusiasm.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 10TH—At Bath, L. L. Mme. Christine Dossert, a well-known American singer, aged 32 years. September 11th—In New Bedford, Mass., Captain John E. Brady, a survivor of the *Kearsarge-Alabam* battle; in London, England, Sir Charles Young, the dramatist, aged 48 years. September 12th—In Oakland, Cal., Governor Washington Bartlett, aged 63 years. September 13th—In New York, Alonzo Clark, M. D., LL. D., Professor and President of the Faculty at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, aged 80 years; in New York, Captain Michael Cregan, the well-known politician, aged 44 years. September 14th—In Frankfort, Ky., ex-Governor Luke P. Blackburn, aged 71 years; in Middletown, Conn., Captain Joseph J. Hendley, formerly of Galveston, Tex.; in Germany, General August von Werder, a prominent commander in the Franco-Prussian War, aged 79 years. In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Septima Randolph Melkileham, last surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, aged 73 years. September 15th—In Norfolk, Va., James Barron Hope, editor and founder of *The Landmark*, aged 68 years. September 16th—In Crestline, O., Henry W. Wynkoop, Superintendent of Telegraph of all the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh; in Manchester, Vt., Mark Skinner, of Chicago, distinguished in legal and financial circles, aged 74 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Federal Council of Switzerland will probably prohibit Mormon proselytizing.

THE doctor's bill of the late Samuel J. Tilden, amounting, it is said, to \$143,000, has not yet been paid by the trustees of the estate.

A NEW American opera, based on Frank R. Stockton's little story of "The Lady or the Tiger," is to be produced in New York city.

NINETEEN battle monuments commemorative of the gallantry of Ohio regiments were dedicated on the field of Gettysburg on the 13th inst.

THE official returns of the recent election in Texas show that the majority against prohibition was 92,354. The total vote for the amendment was 129,273.

THE Masonic lodges in Chicago to which he belonged have expelled "Boodler" McGarigle, and four persons have been indicted for conspiring to effect his escape.

SOME excitement has been created in Richmond, Va., by the refusal of the City Council to appropriate \$15,000 towards defraying the expenses of laying the Lee Monument corner-stone.

THE oldest known paintings in England are portraits of Chaucer and Henry IV. The portrait of the former is on a panel, and was executed about 1380; that of Henry IV, was painted in 1405.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND miners in the Lehigh coal region are on strike. A strike was averted in the Schuylkill region by wise action on the part of the Reading Coal and Iron Company in complying with the just demands of the miners.

THE foreign delegates to the International Medical Congress last week visited Niagara Falls. Before separating, they adopted resolutions expressing a hearty feeling of appreciation of the attentions shown upon the delegates by Americans.

THE National Brewers' Union, in session last week at Detroit, adopted resolutions denouncing General Master Workman Powderly for the position he has compelled the Knights of Labor to take with reference to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

THIS year the public schools of Cincinnati have for the first time, under the new law, given admittance to colored children. In one of the schools which has heretofore been exclusively for white children some of the pupils refused to remain on account of the admission of the colored children.

MITCHELLSTOWN, whose riot promises to become famous in the history of Irish emancipation, is a little village twenty-five miles northeast of Cork, with a population of 2,743 souls. It boasts a college, and there is the usual Catholic church. In other respects it is like a hundred other Irish towns unknown to fame.

THE gold eagle said to have been offered by President Cleveland for the best specimen of triplets shown at a county fair in East Aurora, N. Y., was awarded to the children of Albert K. Dart, a farmer. At the same time Governor Hill's prize of \$25 for negro twins was given to Romeo and Juliet Jackson, son and daughter of a Pittsburgh waiter.

SECRETARY BAYARD denies the statement made in the British House of Commons to the effect that the United States Government had ordered the discontinuance of the seizure of British vessels sealing in Alaskan waters. The vessels seized this summer are now in the custody of the judiciary, awaiting the action of the courts, which will determine the legality of the seizures.

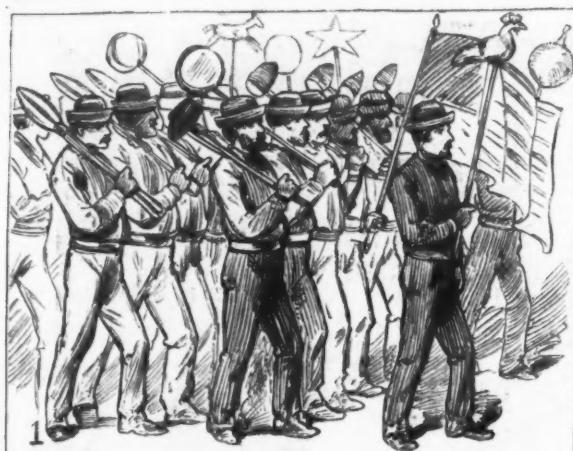
AFFAIRS in Bulgaria remain unsettled. At Sofia, there has been a popular disturbance, during which the mob assailed the office of an opposition newspaper. It is intimated from St. Petersburg that in the event of the failure of the present negotiations concerning Bulgaria, the Czar's Government will consider itself justified in proclaiming the annulment of the Treaty of Berlin.

THE new National Labor party of Great Britain has issued an address announcing its platform, as follows: Adult suffrage, one man to have one vote; the payment of Members of Parliament by the State, free education, land reform, poor-law reform, the maintenance of free trade, but the abolition of State-paid bounties; home rule and local government reform, and religious equality.

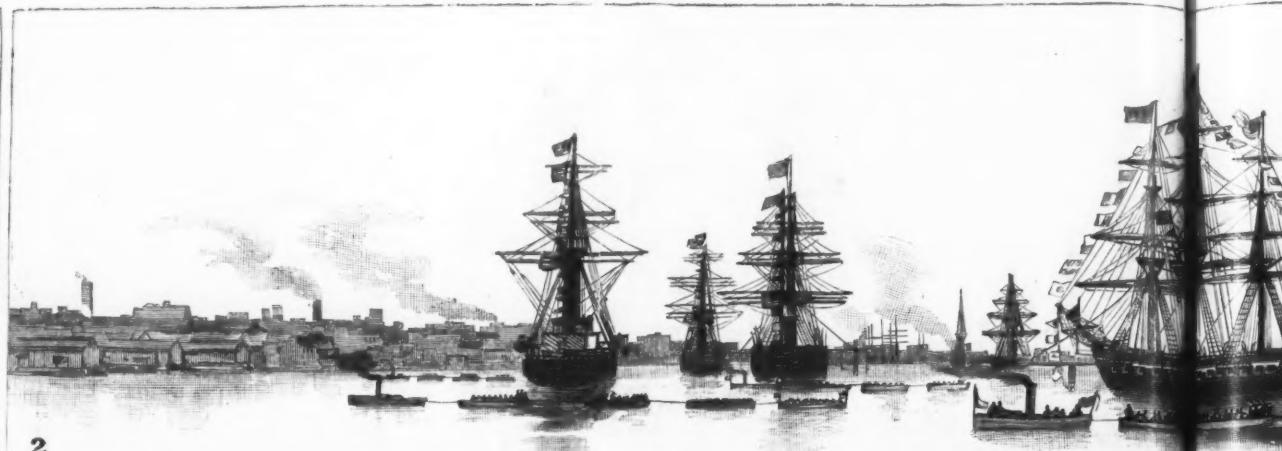
THE New York State Republican Convention last week nominated the following ticket: For Secretary of State, Frederick Dent Grant; for Treasurer, James H. Carmichael; for Comptroller, Jesse Lamoreaux; for Attorney-general, James A. Dennison; for State Engineer and Surveyor, O. H. Cornell. The platform of the convention declares, as to the liquor question, in favor of local option, and "restriction by taxation in such localities as do not by their option exclude absolutely the traffic."

THE New York *World* reporters interviewed the delegates to the late New York Republican Convention as to their Presidential preferences. Of the 372 delegates who answered the questions put to them, 201 were outspoken in favor of James G. Blaine for President; Chauncey M. Depew had 23 admirers, Robert T. Lincoln 19, Joseph R. Hawley 7, Senator Sherman 4, and Senator Hisscock 5. Only 4 delegates preferred Roscoe Conkling. There were a few scattering preferences recorded, and 100 gentlemen declined to express a choice.

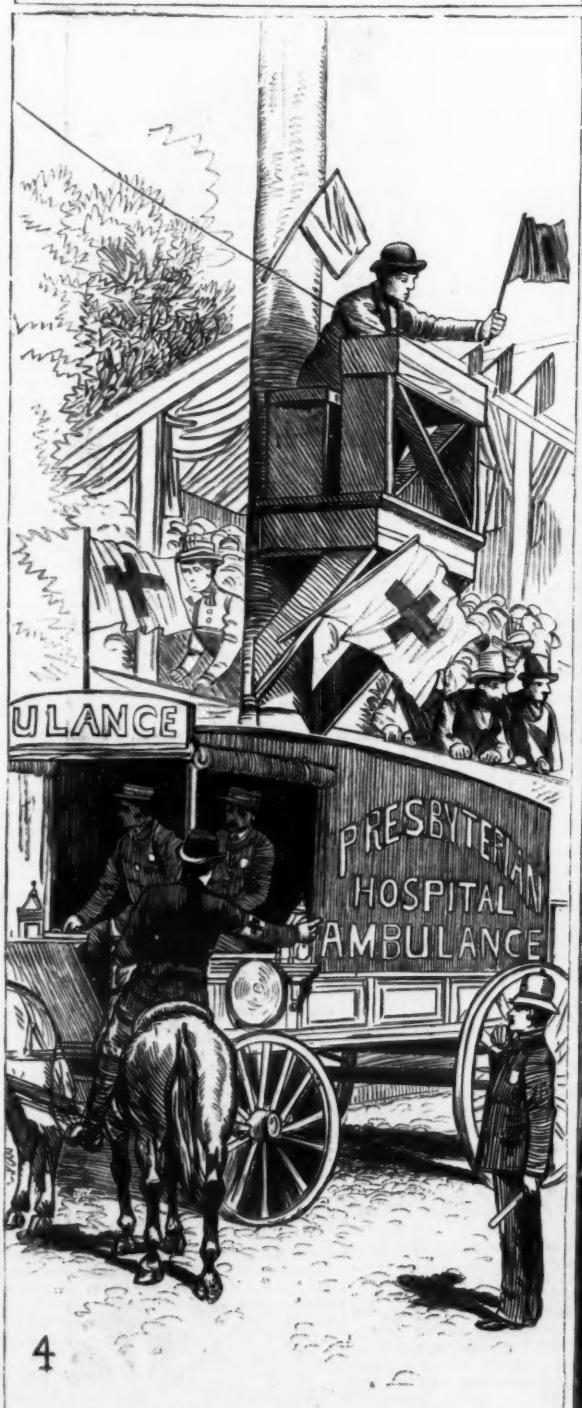
SENATOR LELAND STANFORD is making arrangements for the cheap transportation of emigrants from New York to California. The plan is to reduce the fare on roads east of the Missouri River to a fixed rate of \$10 from New York. The Union Pacific Road will then carry the emigrants to Ogden for \$5, and from that point the Central Pacific Road will transport them free of charge. It



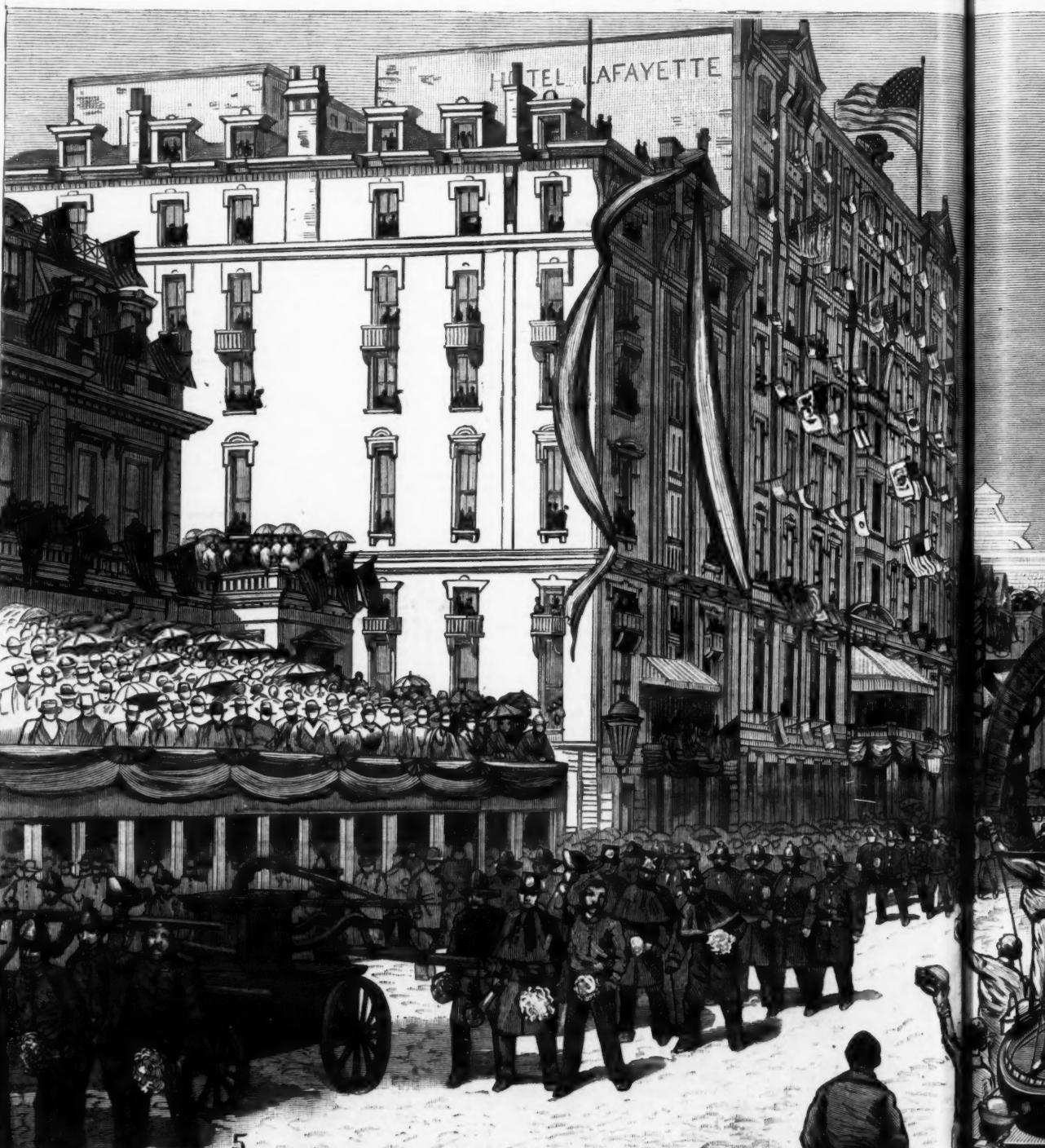
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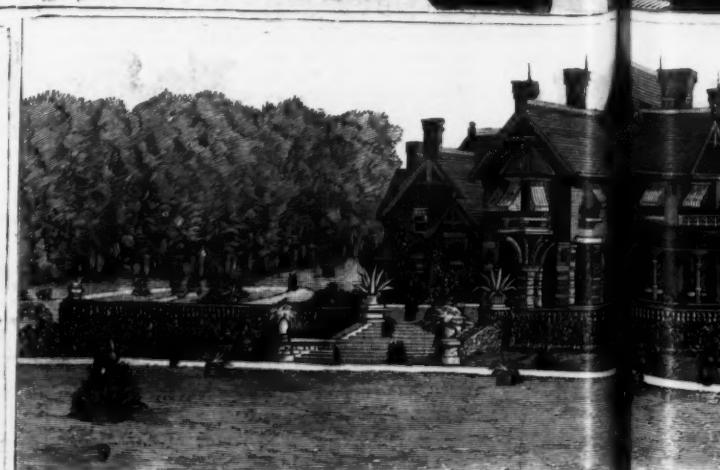
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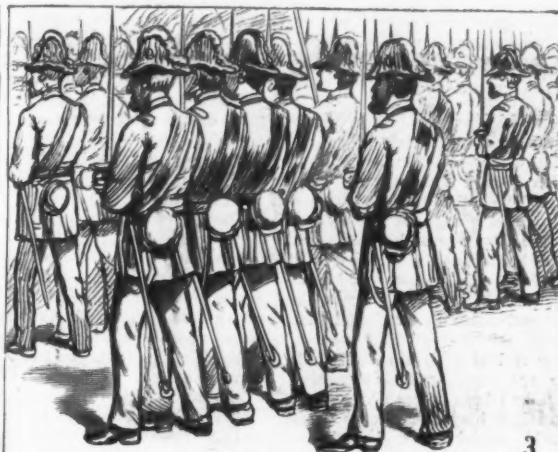
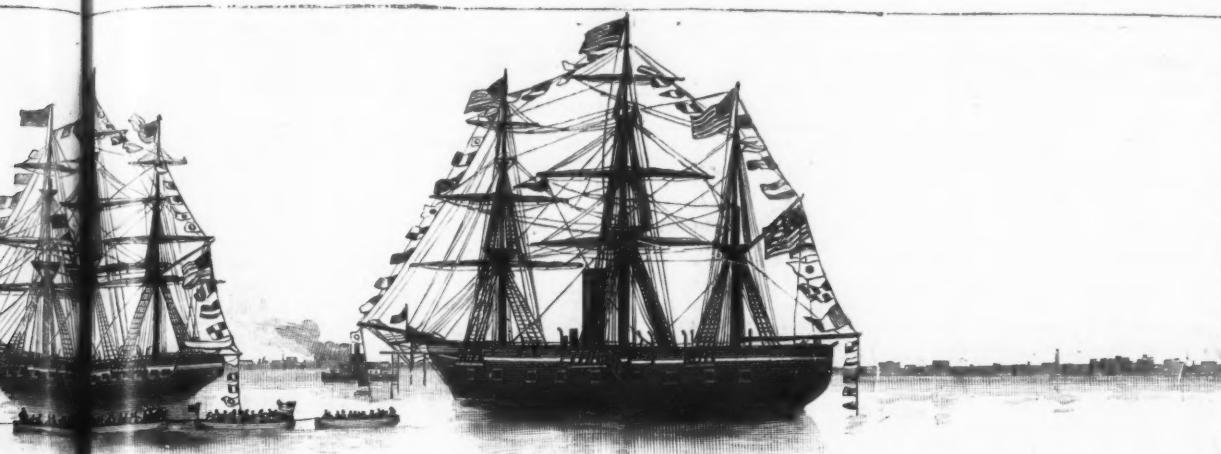
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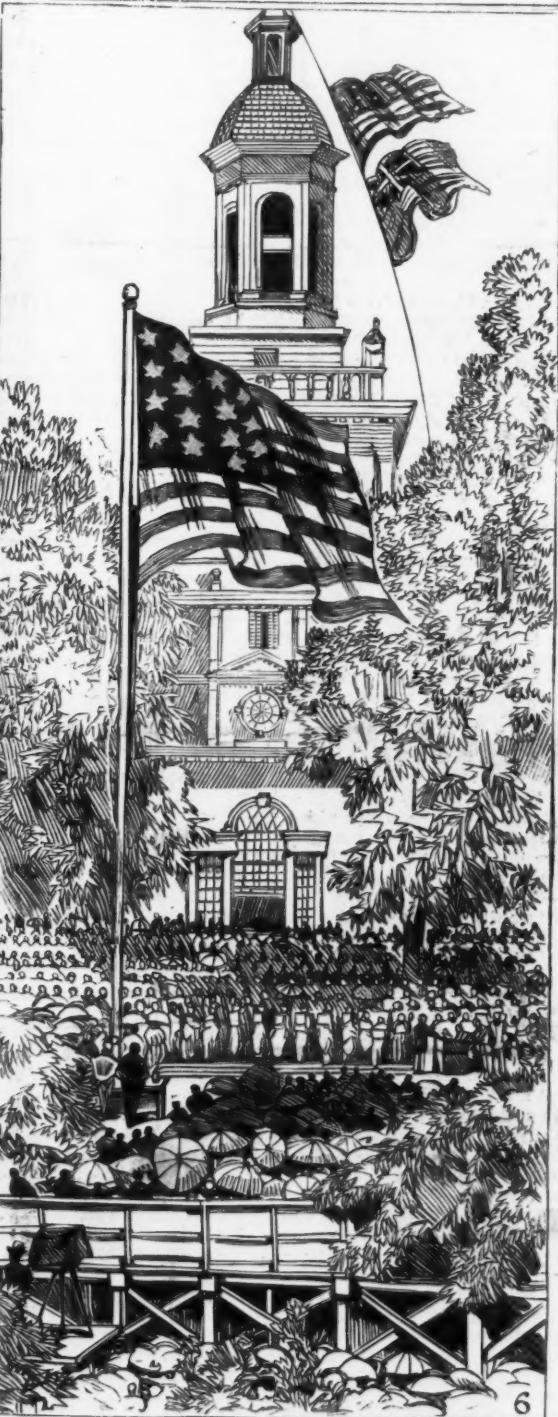
METAL-WORKERS. 2. THE NAVAL DISPLAY—LANDING OF SAILORS AND MARINES. 3. THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE. 4. TELEGRAPH STATION AND AMBULANCE CORPS. 5. THE MISSION COUNCIL. 6. RAILROAD DISPLAY, ILLUSTRATING PROGRESS IN METHODS OF TRAVEL. 7. WOOTON, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF GEORGE W. CHILDS, SCENE OF THE RECEPTION.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SIGNING OF THE CONSTITUTION.—THE CELEBRATION OF THE HISTORIC EVENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

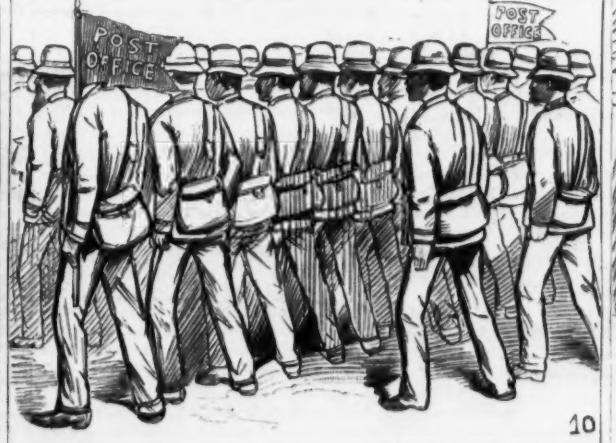
FROM SKETCHES BY STANFORD.—SEE PAGE



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11

THE PROCESSION COUNTERMARCHING ON BROAD STREET—SCENE FROM THE REVIEWING-STAND. 6. THE CELEBRATION IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, SEPTEMBER 17TH. 7 AND 8. THE PENNSYLVANIA
8, SCENE THE RECEPTION TO MRS. CLEVELAND, SEPTEMBER 17TH. 10. POST-OFFICE EMPLOYÉS. 11. THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL DISPLAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 16TH AND 17TH—FEATURES OF THE GRAND INDUSTRIAL PARADE OF SEPTEMBER 15TH.

BY STAFF.—SEE PAGE 91.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow
from Varras," "The Man
Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LION AND THE LAMB.

A SOUL, over whose clay tenement sleep had had dominion, came back from the unknown realms which it may perhaps have visited during the hours of the body's unconsciousness; a mind took up, weakly and waveringly and vaguely, at first, the thoughts and feelings and purposes which had been its own; a brain felt the pulses of immortality stir in its gross and material substance again. There is nothing in the range of human experience more wonderful than sleeping and waking.

But between the various sorts of sleeping and awakening there are world-wide differences. This man's sleep had been long; three times twenty-four hours had his senses been locked away from the world around him and any knowledge of it. This man's sleep had been deep; during the time it had lasted one might have done with him as he pleased; his life might have been taken—and by means so slow and so cruelly chosen as to have made muscles and nerves shrink and quiver under the keen cuts given for hour after hour—and he, the man, the mind, would neither have known it nor guessed it, nor cared. This brain took up the functions of consciousness again, not because natural rest had done all that the man needed done—but because it had found power to throw aside the chains which had bound it—the chains forged for it by a drug too new to warrant my naming it, and too dangerous and treacherous to warrant any one in trying experiments with it.

The drug given by Dr. Thomas Girton to the friend of his dead-and-gone boyhood? No; not that. Not that, because Thomas Girton had never allowed himself to say less of his stricken friend than: "He shall live." The man whose hand added the potency of this potion to the sleeping-draught Girton had given had had no more hope to say regarding Paul Wallardon than this: "He may live, if—"

Paul Wallardon opened his eyes. He looked dreamily about him. He seemed trying to remember something, to understand something, to get some lost truth out of the tangled web of memory. Was this the room in which he had lain sick so long? Had this low ceiling been so near him all the time? Was it towards that small window that his wandering gaze had turned for light when he had found consciousness a little time—it seemed like a little time—ago?

But he did not continue the torture of his self-inflicted questionings. He turned his head wearily towards the man who was standing near his bed, the man who had risen from his chair the instant the eyes of his charge had unclosed, and he asked his pathetic question:

"Where am I?"

"You are here," replied the man, a man with a smoothly shaven face and with closely cut hair; "here, in the care of true friends; here, in the great City of New York."

"And—and—"

The attendant turned towards the table. He turned out a liberal quantity of a clear and limpid liquid from a bottle which stood there. His hand trembled a little as he did it. He spilled some of the contents of the bottle on the outside of the glass, and down upon the table.

"Never mind," he said, with a smile; "there is enough of it."

I presume there was!

The man waited a little. Paul Wallardon waited longer. The man spoke first.

"Who—who are you?" he asked, his voice a harsh, hoarse whisper.

"Paul Wallardon."

"And were—were never—"

"Don't! Why must I be tortured with all that again? I was Paul Wallardon—Paul Wallardon, the innocent and care-free boy; I am Paul Wallardon—Paul Wallardon, the terribly stricken man; between the then and the now, for a score of years, I was—what? I do not know."

"And you never will," muttered the man, under his breath; "not unless I find it impossible to prevent it."

"How did I come here?" demanded Paul.

"I don't know. I think, from what the man said who brought you, that he took you out of some kind of danger, away from the care and custody of some enemy, perhaps; I think—remember that I don't know—that he brought you away secretly; I think he had you conveyed many miles in a carriage—because he didn't dare take the cars sooner; later, I think, he brought you a long distance on the train. He came to me. He told me of your condition. He urged me to undertake the care of you. He promised liberal wages. He paid them in advance. These things I know; but for the rest, I only think. I asked no questions. Why should I? There is nothing more dangerous than the habit of asking questions—nothing, unless it is the habit of answering them."

"Do you know where I came from?"

"No."

"Do you know where Thomas Girton resides?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I never did."

"Did you ever—ever—know a girl—a woman—called Minnie Dollean?"

The man shook his head?

"What sort of a man brought me here?" asked Wallardon.

For answer the man described the nurse who had taken care of the sick man so long in the residence of Dr. Thomas Girton.

"Do you know his name?"

"I do not."

"Nor where he went?"

"No."

"Nor when he will return?"

"He said he should never return. He told me to tell you that you would never see him again."

"And you think he meant it?"

"I do not think he meant it."

"What, then—"

"I know he meant it. You will never meet him again—not unless he is less prudent than I think I am," he added to himself.

The sick man looked pale and worn and tired.

"Talk no more," said the new nurse (if, as I suppose we must, we choose to call him), with the strong emphasis of authority. He turned out a proper amount of a proper opiate. (Is it necessary to say that he did not use the bottle and glass he had used before?) He gave the medicine to the weary patient. In two minutes Paul Wallardon was asleep.

The nurse picked up the glass, in the filling of which we have seen him nervous and unfortunate, and carried it carefully away to empty and clean it.

"I mustn't be so careless a fool again," he said, bitterly; "it will never, never do. Suppose he had had his memory back again; suppose he had looked up into my eyes with the terrified gaze of recognition? What of it? I should have been in no danger—not unless my skill in chemistry should play me false."

He came back to the table and replaced the now clean glass.

"Enough? There was more than enough! Paul Wallardon—how strangely the name sounds!—was always a lucky individual."

He advanced to the side of the bed. He stood and looked down upon the sleeping man.

"Why do I spare him? His life is a menace to me. He has only to have memory let in a flood of light upon his past—and he can ruin me—can leave me no place in the world in which to be safe—can condemn me to a speedy choice between a suicide's grave and the gallows. Why do I spare him? Why do I condemn myself to a life near him? Why must I watch him, day by day and night by night, fearful lest he regain all that he has lost, and I thus lose all that I have or am or dare to hope to be? Is it because I am merciful? I don't know what the word means. Is it because I do not dare—dare—Those who know me much less intimately than I know myself, know that I dare do anything. But because his life is a danger and a menace to others than myself—because others have reason to fear him, and I to hate them—I spare him. I will never spare the men who gave him passage by the night express, when I shall have found out who they are. And I will know who did it—unless I give my life to the desire for the knowledge."

* * * * *

There came a day when Paul Wallardon could sit up. There came another day when he could walk without help from his bed to an easy-chair, and later walk back again. And finally—though it came slowly—there was a day when the faithful watcher (he was faithful in his watchfulness) could not but say that Paul was well.

Well? Not mentally. Crippled in memory, as he had been for all these long and lingering weeks, he was far from being a well man in the sense in which you would like to have the word used about you. But—what else, all things considered, was there to say?

The two men, the nurse and the man he had so carefully tended, sat facing one another. It was almost night. The room was getting dark.

Paul sat in the easy-chair which he had occupied for so long a time each day for so many days. But he was no longer weakly reclining in it. He was strong and sturdy and erect. The cushions and pillows had fallen unnoticed to the floor. Paul Wallardon, so far as one could judge by looking at him, was quite himself once more—was firmly and fully a man again.

"I am almost well," he said.

The other smiled.

"Not almost, but quite," he answered.

"And may go out from here into the world again, to find my friends—and my foes—and to seek for my lost memory?"

"I—suppose—so—only—"

"Only what?"

"There are conditions."

"Conditions?"

"I said so."

"Regarding my liberty of movement in the world?"

"Yes."

"Imposed by whom? Who dares—"

"Imposed by me, if you please."

"By and for yourself?"

"No. Have I not been kind and watchful and tender and considerate?"

"Pardon me; you have been all you say. I should be ungrateful indeed to say one word to hurt you. You speak at the request of another?"

"I speak at the command of another."

"And if I refuse his conditions?"

"It will cost you dear."

"In what? I have no money."

"Not in money, then. But you have life!"

"Am I to understand—"

"You are to understand nothing—not unless it is said definitely and in so many words. But unless you comply with the conditions imposed you will surely suffer."

"At your hands?"

"No. At the hands of the man who brought you to me!"

"Ah! Well, name the conditions."

"I will. The first one is generous enough. Some one—I don't know who, and you shouldn't care—has opened an account in a bank in this city for you. You will have a—a—a pension is perhaps as convenient a term as any—of one hundred

dollars every month for as long a time as you choose to comply with the very reasonable requests of your unknown friend—the unnamed individual who took you from danger and gave you safety with me."

"And to pay for all this—"

"Wait! Let me quote his exact words: 'His father, his mother, his brothers and his sisters—all are dead. All his old friends are dead—or unworthy. Let him forget he has ever formed any hope, even, of meeting them and loving them again.'"

"Which means—"

"That there must be men and women as dead to you as though they were in their graves."

"But—my—mother?"

"He was lied to," said the one who put you in my care, 'when his condition was such as to render it a necessity; the fact is, his mother died long years ago."

"Well, if that be true, the conditions are not hard. I accept them."

"Good. Here is your bank-book and your check-book. To-morrow you and I will part. I shall seek a cheaper location than this has been. You must do as you think best and wisest, and—"

"But you, too, have money?"

"A little."

"And need not go far away to labor?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, then, should we part? I have grown to love you because of the tender care you have given me. I cannot think that you have grown gentler and yet more gentle, day after day, without having come to have more of an interest in me than the mere money you have received has ever paid for. Why not have rooms here together, and—"

"Did I ever speak with you about the lion and—and—that is—did you ever hear—"

The man was suddenly confused; I shall not say why; does the reader know? And does the reader know that it was fortunate for Paul Wallardon that he was able to look the fellow squarely and bravely in the eyes, and to answer him without hesitation or faltering?

"No, I don't think you ever said a word to me about the peculiar relations existing between the lion and the lamb. A man did once, though, and I've never forgotten it, and I never shall. But why start a conversation on so unpleasant a subject? Why not consent to stay here with me, each doing such work as he may find and enjoy, and both finding joint pleasures here when the evenings are long or when there is no work to do? Let us make bargain to that effect, and—"

He reached out his hand.

The nurse took it.

"I agree," he said.

"Good. And now, since our lives, so strangely thrown together, are to continue on together, what is your name? What shall I call you?"

The night had deepened and darkened as they had talked there together. Looking across at Paul Wallardon, the other could not see nor guess the expression on his face. Whatever he might decide to do or to say must be at a venture. Perhaps he wondered vaguely why he had taken part in so peculiar a conversation and so strange a compact at so late an hour in the day. Possibly he had a suspicion, faint and half formed, that Paul had led him as he pleased.

His name? The name by which Paul Wallardon should call him for all the years of their future companionship? The name he was likely to hear oftener than any other, since he had said to himself that he should not dare to let Paul out of his sight for long at a time? What should he say? What should the name be?

"True—or false?" ran his thoughts—"true or false? The name which may awaken his memories, or some convenient alias? Do I dare tell the truth? Do I dare lie? Who may cross our two paths in life later? Who may not? I—I—"

Then he spoke aloud. "My name is Ratcliffe Dangerford," he said.

Midnight! The gentleman who answers to the name of Ratcliffe Dangerford lying on his back in his bed, looking straight up into the utter blackness which fills his room and seems to overflow into the night outside.

Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford finds it impossible to sleep. He has told himself that he is too happy to sleep. "The lion and the lamb! Ha! ha! ha!" he says, softly, to himself; "was there ever anything so very fortunate in all the world? I must watch him. I must be near him always. I must be ready to strike, and to strike hard, if he ever remembers enough to make it dangerous for me. I had plotted and planned, and had found little or no light; one night I would watch in the street in front of his house—another night I would hire some man, so poor and wretched as to dare to be nothing else than faithful to my trust in him, to watch in my place; one day I would invent some improbable excuse for wishing to see him—another day I would invent some excuse less probable still; sometimes I would find a way to walk through the house where he should choose to live—setting the poor barriers of bolts and bars at defiance—to the end that I might look upon and, if he sleepily spoke, listen to him as he slept. It would have been a dog's life; a wearing life; a life full of danger and cold and storm and discomfort; a life of late hours and unending worry. These were my plans; these were the necessities of the course I had marked out for myself; and what has happened? I am to be this man's companion. His room will be just across the hall from mine, and never looked against me. I shall breakfast with him every morning. I shall sup with him every night. We shall sit and talk with one another, many a time and oft. I dare say I shall almost learn to be respectable, or, rather, to appear so. It will be a stupid sort of life, of course, but it has two things in it which I am very glad to find there: safety for myself and danger

for my foes. It is not bad—not so bad as it might have been. And just to think that this man has done it all himself. What can I do to-night but laugh, as I see the light lying so clearly on my plain path? What can I think of but the lion and the lamb—the lucky lion and the poor lamb?"

And he looked straight up—up at the impenetrable darkness—and laughed!

Twelve o'clock—twelve slow and heavy strokes sounding from some bell near enough to be heard through the stillness.

Mr. Paul Wallardon, lying restlessly on his uneasy bed, is as equally wakeful as is Ratcliffe Dangerford. He has told himself, over and over again, that he is too fearful and sorrowful and wretched to sleep. So he turns himself into a position which, while not an easy one, is at least less uncomfortable than some of the others have been, and, looking through his narrow window at the light and glory of the stars outside, he thinks long and earnestly regarding the circumstances of his last few weeks of pain and sickness, and the conditions laid down for him to live by for all the years of the future.

"Dark—dark—dark!" he moans, his fingers nervously clutching at the bedclothes; "dark—dark—dark! My lost years, my forgotten deeds, they weigh upon my soul like a pall. I see nothing but a dreary and desolate lifetime before me. But, I have gained something. This man who calls himself Ratcliffe Dangerford is my foe; he hates me; possibly he fears me; he only spares me because he has some sinister reason for it. He would watch me, always, whatever I might do, unless cunning and caution on my part caused him to fail. And so—it is better for me to have him where I can watch him as well; I seem to have

run to gaudy but unsubstantial pastry; still others, on the strength of a stuffed cow and an assortment of watery, farinaceous gruels, set up as "dairies"; but with the majority a bewilderment variety of cheap dishes is the first consideration, and a lightning-like dispatch of service the second. You can order a dinner of half-a-dozen *plats* for twenty cents, and if you haven't reached the dessert in five minutes, your unconscionable dawdling attracts attention. In the Bowery or Chatham Street restaurants like the "Lou Tupper," the "Grand Republic," the "Jim Fisk," the "Boss Tweed," or the "Grover Cleveland," an able-bodied waiter will take a dozen orders, and return with the forty or fifty plates piled up and balanced on his arms, neck, shoulders, and apparently on his ears, in the time a Deimonico waiter would consume in handing you the *menu*. These beany waiters are a peculiar class. Their bearing is a mixture of the despotic dignity of the Czar of all the Russias and the swagger of the Whyo "tough." They have an *argot*, or slang, peculiar to their "perfess," to which the placards and bills-of-fare of the beaneries do not furnish a key. Thus, when an uninitiated patron orders, for instance, a plate of griddle-cakes, a cup of coffee with milk, a plate of hash and a baked potato, he is astounded to hear it bawled out by the waiter in the following terms: "Gimme a stack o' wheats, a cup o' coffee on crutches, an insult to a square meal, and a paralyzed Mick." The artist has stalked him on his native heath, and the result appears in the characteristic sketches on page 93.

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

NOTHING could have eclipsed the spectacular of brilliancy and the grand patriotic enthusiasm of the three days' national festival at Philadelphia last week, commemorating the signing of our country's Constitution in the same city one hundred years ago; but the weather itself providentially co-operated with the hearts and hands that labored to make the colossal event a memorable success. The opening day, Thursday, was all that early Autumn could give. It dawned up in a great city in fullest holiday garb, and already thronged with visitors from points far and near throughout the land. The principal thoroughfares, all the way from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, were lined with the Stars and Stripes, garlanded with evergreens and flowers, and spanned with symbolic arches. Broad street, the noble thoroughfare along which the processions were to pass, was converted into a regular avenue of grand stands—vast structures, sometimes three stories high, and towering above the roofs of the buildings behind them. All the great hotels along the line of march had separate stands of their own, and about the Hotel Lafayette, the Bellevue and St. George, in the neighborhood of the Union League Club, the display of bunting-covered perches was bewildering. Just at this point was the great arch, spanning the entire street. It was made of a light but strong framework built up in a series of painted arch stones, each with the name and coat-of-arms of a State upon it, with the Pennsylvania shield on the keystone. A few yards away was the balcony over the main entrance of the Hotel Lafayette, where Mrs. Cleveland witnessed the military parade of Friday, while across the avenue, in front of the great reviewing-stand, stretching over an entire block, President Cleveland reviewed the same pageant. Governor Beaver had a smaller balcony near that of Mrs. Cleveland, whence he with his staff looked down upon the greatest effort of Philadelphia in the way of pageantry.

Hotels, lodging-houses and private apartments were crowded to overflowing from Thursday morning until Sunday, and over twenty Governors of States were provided for in one or another of half a dozen leading hotels.

The sidewalks of North Broad Street were impassable hours before the starting of the grand civic and industrial procession on Thursday morning. Stands, windows and roofs, all along the broad avenue, as far as eye could reach, were crowded with dense masses of spectators, while brilliant bunting waved in the sunlight, and the color and glitter of the moving pageant, when it finally approached to the sound of inspiring music, surpassed any similar spectacle ever witnessed in Philadelphia, or probably on all this American Continent. The procession started from Broad and Dauphin Streets shortly after ten o'clock, and marched to Broad and Moore Streets, a distance of nearly five miles. It countermarched to the starting-point, passing through one continuous line of observation stands gayly decorated with the flags of all nations, and beneath a number of elaborate arches. At the Oddfellows' Hall, a banner conspicuously indicated "the spot where Franklin drew lightning from the clouds in 1752." At a number of points, laurel-crowned busts of Washington were enshrined in the places of honor. It was eleven o'clock when the procession reached the main reviewing-stand, opposite the Lafayette Hotel; and by that time the distinguished guests—the Governors, foreign Ministers, and others—had all taken their assigned places. At the head of the column rode Colonel A. London Snowden, Chief Marshal, and his staff of fifty aides, a standard-bearer, and two trumpeters. Directly behind them, and leading the column itself, was the United States Marine Band, followed by a grand banner representing Columbia pointing to the past with one hand and with the other to the present. The banner typified the demonstration, and was drawn on a car by six horses. The display from this point was divided into twenty-three divisions, each being under the charge and supervision of an Assistant Marshal and several aides. To give an idea of the magnitude of the whole, the generalized statement may here be given, that there were in line 300 floats, each bearing a representation of some particular branch of industry; 12,000 men, 3,000 horses, and 150 bands of music. At two o'clock in the afternoon, only seven of the twenty-three divisions had passed the reviewing-stand, and by the time the seventh division had passed southward the head of the column had arrived on their counter-march, having traveled twenty-three squares south of Market Street.

Well to the front in the parade marched the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, setting forth on one of their floats the maxim that "Education is the Basis of Freedom." They attracted great attention, as did also the Continental Club, of Wilmington, Del., in their ancient costumes. All of the floats were tastefully decorated, and all of the agricultural and other machinery was in full motion. Great enthusiasm was aroused by the admirable series of groups representing the advancement in the civilization of the red man. There were exhibited Indians in their paint and feathers, children from the different training and

educational institutions, all employed at the various arts and industries, and showing a remarkable degree of skill. Behind them came the Indian band of nineteen pieces and nine platoons of Indian cadets, who marched with unerring step amid the cheers.

The Volunteer Firemen passed the reviewing-stand just as the Marine Band, at the head of the column, was returning. The visiting companies were handsomely uniformed, and were the observed of all observers. It was an inspiring sight to watch the gray-haired fire-laddies—5,000 of them—some minus an arm or a limb, holding the ropes of an old-time hose-carriage or hand-engine. As they passed the stand they raised their hats to the notables on the balcony, and were cheered in return. The manufacturers of agricultural implements occupied a large space, and got a great deal of advertising out of the display. The brewers contributed a band-wagon, five floats, three wagons, several coaches, 100 horses, 125 men on foot, and seven goddesses. The Knights of the Golden Eagle, in "shining armor," made a magnificent display. The employés of the Philadelphia Mint illustrated old and new methods of making money.

The textile exhibit was an interesting display, and after it came the manufacturers and the clothing trade. Then "Progress in Transportation" was admirably shown in a display made by the Pennsylvania Railroad. First came a representation of the old-time "packing"—three mules, laden with blankets and merchandise. A Conestoga wagon with immense wheels and heavy canvas awning, with six horses, lumbered along. On the front was a sign "Twenty days from Philadelphia to Pittsburg." A Concord coach had four horses only, and the sign "From Philadelphia to Pittsburg in six days." The canalboat "Owen Brady," freighted with very pretty little girls, followed the coach, then a line of engineer's boats showing the ballasting, etc., of a road, the earliest and latest forms of engines and cars, a magnificent new engine of the most improved make, which it took twenty-six horses to draw, and followed by six floats drawn by four horses each carrying a mail, Adams Express, baggage, passenger, sleeper, dining, freight, and coal car.

Other locomotives were in the parade from the Baldwin Works, and representations of shipbuilding from several well-known yards. Electric machinery and lights, pottery, tools, household effects, carriages, cigarmaking, and all sorts and manner of things and industries, followed on the heels of each other in the miscellaneous section, with any number of floats showing artisans at their work. We have mentioned but a few of the innumerable features, some of which have been reproduced by our artists.

The procession was six miles long, and occupied six hours and a half in passing the reviewing-stand.

The United States war-vessels anchored in the Delaware celebrated in their own way, with salutes, bunting and fireworks. The training squadron that was on its way to New York was ordered by the Navy Department to report at Philadelphia. It consists of the *Jamesstown*, *Portsmouth* and *Saratoga*. Twenty-five years have elapsed since the *Jamesstown* was in that port, from which she then sailed for the China and Japan Station. Another event of Thursday morning was the breakfast given by the Philadelphia lawyers to the visiting Justices of the United States Supreme Court, at the Academy of Music.

The Presidential party, consisting of the President, Mrs. Cleveland and her maid, Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, and Secretary of State Bayard and Mrs. Bayard, arrived, under escort of Major J. M. Carson, early in the evening, having left Washington at 4 o'clock P.M. The party were escorted by the crack cavalry company of Philadelphia, the famous City Troop, to the Lafayette Hotel, where an immense assemblage had gathered, and greeted the party with cheers. The party dined privately at nine, and were serenaded by the Young Maennerchor Singing Society.

On Friday, the second day, the superb military parade of 30,000 uniformed soldiers in line, headed by the gallant General Phil Sheridan, passed off triumphantly. The weather was perfect, and the crowds were greater than ever. Philadelphia must have had fully 500,000 strangers within her gates, and the streets presented a sight never to be forgotten.

It was a busy day for the President and Mrs. Cleveland. First came the business men's reception at the Commercial Exchange, where the President made a patriotic speech. Immediately afterwards he proceeded, under the escort of the City Troop, to the reviewing-stand at Broad and Walnut Streets, where he took his seat in a beautifully carved mahogany chair, presented to him for this occasion. Beside him sat Secretaries Bayard and Fairchild, Governor Hill and R. B. Hayes, while a number of State Governors and other distinguished guests were grouped on the stand behind. Soon after eleven o'clock Mrs. Cleveland appeared on the balcony of the Lafayette Hotel, followed by Private Secretary Lamont and wife and two or three guests. Mrs. Cleveland received an enthusiastic round of applause. She was dressed in a handsome black silk dress, with white insertions, and a beautiful white feather adorned her hat.

It was 11:20 when General Sheridan, mounted on a handsome sorrel horse, came up the street at the head of the vast cavalcade of military, preceded by a squad of mounted reserves. He exchanged salutes with the President, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm by the crowds all along the line. A similar reception was accorded to each distinguished officer, famous troop or "crack" band of music as they passed.

The President attended the Clover Club's jovial monthly banquet early in the evening. Later he attended, with Mrs. Cleveland, the reception at the Academy of Music, which was one of the greatest social events in the city's history. Fully 10,000 persons had entered the building before the President had grasped the hand of the last comer, at 11:20 P.M. Every one was in evening dress, and the scene presented was one of unusual brilliance.

The programme for Saturday, the closing day of the great national festival, was a long one, but was carried out to the perfect satisfaction of every one concerned. First came an informal public reception to President Cleveland in the Commissioner's room of the new public buildings, from 9 o'clock to 10:30. At 11 o'clock began the ceremonies in Independence Square, opened with prayer by Bishop Potter, and comprising addresses by John A. Kasson and President Cleveland; oration by Supreme Court Justice Miller; singing by men and children choruses, etc. Mrs. Cleveland occupied a seat in the centre of the stand. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the Governor met at Lafayette Hotel. At 3 P.M. the Hibernian Society gave a dinner to the President at St. George's Hall. During the afternoon, Mrs. George W. Childs gave a charming *réle* to Mrs. Cleveland at Wootton, Mr. Childs' country-seat. In the evening, a banquet was

given to the President at the Academy of Music by the University of Pennsylvania, Historical Society and others.

Thus appropriately closed one of the most memorable of our national commemorative celebrations, which has surely left its lasting impress upon millions of patriotic hearts.

TWO NOTABLE PHILADELPHIANS.

Thomas M. Thompson, Chairman of the Centennial Committee of Reception, was born in Philadelphia, November 15th, 1841, and has been an active and successful business man for the past twenty years, during which time he has always taken an active interest in public affairs, especially those relating to his native city. He was prominently identified with the Bi-centennial Celebration; also President of the Manufacturers' Association to send exhibits to the New Orleans

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LOUIS BOGRAN has been re-elected President of Spanish Honduras.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL has become a regular contributor to the *Saturday Review*.

DR. JUNKER, the eminent African explorer, is writing a history of the Mahdi's revolt.

GENERAL BULLER has resigned his post in Ireland and will return to the War Office in October.

THE law practice of Lyman Trumbull, the distinguished ex-Senator of Illinois, is worth \$50,000 a year.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON says that the "only hope of the Democracy" lies in the renomination of President Cleveland.

GENERAL FAIRCHILD announces that he will not be a candidate for re-election as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

REV. DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, has visited Saratoga Springs regularly for forty Summers, and has preached 162 sermons there.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL CREGAN, the somewhat famous Republican "machine" politician of New York city, died suddenly, on the 13th instant, from pneumonia.

MRS. MOORE, "the sweet singer of Michigan," is now a veritable woman of letters, being in charge of a post-office in the Peninsular District of that State. She is an intelligent woman of middle age.

IT is stated that General Porter resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of State owing to disagreements with Secretary Bayard over the fisheries question, but the statement lacks confirmation.

SIR CHARLES YOUNG, who died in England last week, was famous here as the author of the successful play "Jim the Penman," which all the American managers in turn once rejected, but which, when it was finally produced, accumulated a snug fortune for dramatist and managers.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, returned last week from his two months' vacation in Europe, where he was the recipient of many attentions and enjoyed himself greatly. Senator Joseph R. Hawley has also reached home, after an exceptionally enjoyable trip abroad.

AT one of Lady Burdett-Coutts's garden parties recently, a gentleman speaking of Christine Nilsson, called her the "Swedish nightingale." Immediately a thin old woman jumped up in a rage, and pointing at him, exclaimed, "You are wrong, sir; you are grossly wrong; I am Jenny Lind!"

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, the editor of *United Ireland*, has been committed to jail at Cork, to await trial under the Crimes Act. A complaint made in the House of Commons that he is confined in a cell nine by four feet in area elicited from Mr. Ballou the statement that political prisoners ought to be treated like other criminals.

THE Emperor of Brazil is living quietly at Baden-Baden, with a small family party, taking a course of baths and waters, walking a good deal, making all sorts of acquaintances, high and low. He goes thence to Vienna and Italy. He will spend the Winter in Egypt, and visit England next Spring on his return voyage to Rio.

CHARLES DICKENS, JR., who is to read his father's works in this country, is about as unlike what the public would expect in a son of "Boz" as a parlor match is unlike a comet (says the *Boston Post*). His round face and rather feeble cast of features are scarcely redeemed by a large pair of spectacles, and in his delivery he has neither physical nor dramatic power.

DISMARCH not long since caught several ladies in the act of cutting a few branches off the trees in the Friedrichsruhe Park, which belongs to him. "Ladies," said he, "if every one who visits this park was to do what you are now doing, there would not remain any more leaves on these trees than there are hairs on my head." He has been compelled since to close the park to the public.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous English war correspondent, is said to have given up his struggle against consumption, and to be calmly awaiting his last days on earth. It is but a little over a year ago that he was on this side of the ocean on a journey that had been planned four years before that time, and had grown out of a casual meeting in London with the beautiful daughter of General Meigs of our army.

MISS BRADDON is about to bring out her fifth novel—"Like and Unlike." Her husband has made so much money by publishing her books that he has retired from business. There is a wicked story afloat that after beginning the publication of her books, when she was a spinster, he found that he owed her a pile of money which he couldn't pay, so he proposed a compromise in the shape of marriage, which the novelist accepted.

THE members of the Bohemian Athletic Society of Chicago, just returned from a six months' tour of Europe, bring with them, as a present for Mrs. Cleveland, a magnificent set of garnet jewelry, consisting of brooch, earrings and chain. The brooch is in the shape of an eagle, holding in its claws three golden arrows and supported by two standards, containing photographic views of Prague. The casket containing the set is lined with white satin, and is inscribed: "To Mrs. Cleveland, with profound respect, from the Bohemian excursionists to Prague."

In his letter stating his inability to attend the Constitution's Centennial at Philadelphia, John Bright wrote: "I need not say how much sympathy I feel with the gathering to which you are looking forward with so great an interest. All the civilized world, all who love freedom in it, must regard the event as one of the most important in the annals of men. In the great struggle of twenty-five years ago the strength of your country was exerted and its unity secured. My voice was raised at the time in favor of that unity, which I hope may never again be endangered or imperiled."

THE Count of Paris has issued a manifesto in which he predicts that Republican misgovernment in France is likely to provoke a crisis, when the monarchy will be the instrument with which to restore order and concord. "The present moment," he says, "is favorable for uttering a warning that such monarchy will not mark a return to the past." He then sketches a reformed monarchy suited to progressive ideas, in which stability and true liberty will be secured by a constituent assembly or by popular vote, adding that although unusual under a monarchy, the last form is more solemn, affording solid foundations for a constitution.



THOMAS M. THOMPSON, CHAIRMAN OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Exposition. As Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Constitutional Celebration he has evinced tact and ability acquired only by experience and sound judgment. The work of arranging and completing necessary details for the receptions given to the President and the Governors, with the reception and entertainment of the guests of the Commission, was enormous, and to him is largely attributed the success of that part of the programme.

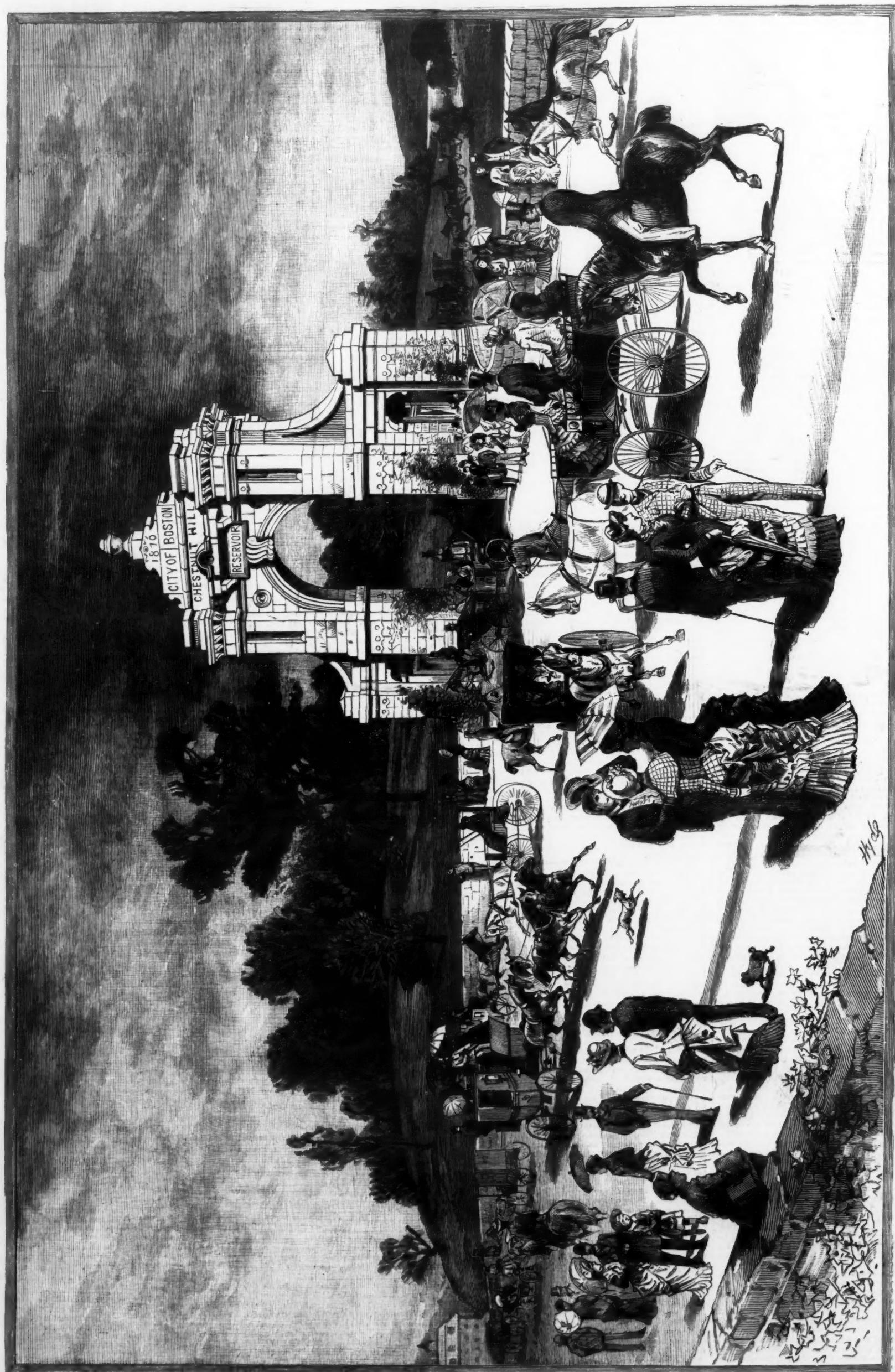
Charles Ridgway Deacon, Secretary of the noted Clover Club of Philadelphia, was born near the old City of Burlington, N. J., January 23d, 1845. He is of Quaker parentage, and belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families of that State, his ancestors on both his paternal and maternal sides having settled in the Colony before the arrival of William Penn in Pennsylvania. After attending the schools of his neighborhood, the subject of this sketch was a student for a time at the Quaker School of Westtown, Pa., and later, the Academy at Downingtown, in the same State. In 1861 he entered the printing office of Deacon & Peterson, publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, as an apprentice to the printing business.



CHARLES R. DEACON, SECRETARY OF THE CLOVER CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.

His health giving out just prior to the end of his apprenticeship, he went to the oil-fields of West Virginia, where he remained a year, and returned thoroughly restored. Shortly after reaching his majority he was employed in the office of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but subsequently accepted employment with the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company at Baltimore, where he remained until 1876, when he returned to the *Ledger* establishment. He was then for a time connected with the Philadelphia *Daily News*, and upon withdrawing, took the management of the American Biographical Publishing Company, where he is still engaged.

Mr. Deacon, on his return to Philadelphia from Baltimore, in 1876, became prominent in social affairs, and was an active spirit in forming the Thursday Club, which was composed largely of working journalists. He acted as Secretary of the Club during its existence, and was the wheel-horse of the organization. In 1882 the Clover Club was organized, on a similar plan to the Thursday Club, but on a broader and more liberal basis, and shortly after it was formed, Mr. Deacon was unanimously elected Secretary, and has filled the position ever since, to the complete satisfaction of his fellow-members and with credit to himself. Mr. Deacon is a frequent contributor to the newspapers, and was prominent in the reception of visiting journalists by the newspaper men of Philadelphia during the recent celebration, and also in arranging the banquet and reception given by the Clover Club to the President.



MASSACHUSETTS.—CHESTNUT HILL RESERVOIR, SHOWING ONE OF THE POPULAR SUBURBAN PLEASURE DRIVES OF BOSTON.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 90.



NEW YORK CITY.—CHEAP RESTAURANT LIFE ON THE BOWERY.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 90.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

JEFFERSON DAVIS will open the coming State Fair at Macon, Ga.

MR. HENRY GEORGE is addressing country fairs in the Western counties of New York in support of his peculiar land theories.

SECRETARY BAYARD has been unable to find any ground on which the extradition of McGarigle, the Chicago defaulter, can be demanded.

THE Prohibitionists of Tennessee are making an active campaign in behalf of the Constitutional Amendment, and the liquor men are antagonizing them at every point by public addresses and vigorous organization.

THE annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was held at Detroit, last week. General Sherman was re-elected as President. A resolution was adopted recommending the erection of a statue of General Logan at the National Capital. In such an effort the Army of the Tennessee would co-operate.

THE condemned Anarchists in Chicago are still hopeful, and active steps are being taken to bring their case before the United States Supreme Court. The Progressive Labor Party in New York city has passed resolutions condemning the action of the Illinois Supreme Court, and urging organized labor to join in a protest against the carrying out of the sentence.

FOREIGN.

THE British Parliament has been prorogued until November 30th.

"INDEPENDENCE DAY" was celebrated in the City of Mexico on Friday last.

THE scarlet-fever epidemic in London is increasing. There were last week 1,225 cases in the hospitals.

TWENTY-FIVE persons were killed and seventy injured by collision on the Midland Railway, in England, on the 16th inst.

THE feasibility of starting branches of the Liberal League in Ireland wherever National League branches are suppressed by the Government is under discussion.

At a conference of Scottish Home Rulers, last week, a committee was appointed to consider plans for bringing before Parliament the question of Home Rule for Scotland.

TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

THE Dakota Bell tells this story: "Elder Blodgett was one of the old-timers who used to preach in a town in the southeastern part of the Territory. On week-days he carried on a prosperous livery-stable business. There was a good deal of competition between him and the justice of the peace on marriage ceremonies, and they had cut the former price of \$18 down to a much lower figure. One day a young couple who lived down on the bottoms were married by the elder. After the ceremony the groom acknowledged that he hadn't a cent, and asked the elder to trust him until Fall. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' replied the minister. 'You an' yer wife jes' agree to drive around town a little while carryin' a sign advertisin' my business an' I'll call it square.' They agreed to it, and in a few minutes the blushing bride and proud groom were riding about the streets upon a high seat in a lumber-wagon bearing aloft a canvas sign reading as follows:

"We was Spliced by the Reverend Elder Blodgett and we like his Style! Cost, \$2—cheapest Place in town. Study located at Red Front Barn. Pay no attention to justices or other side ishers, but go right to the Elder for your marrying! Money cheerfully refunded in case of Divorce. Oats, corn and Hay took the same as cash.

Good Livery Rigs always on hand. Also trade and exchange Hosses.

Come to the Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening!"

FACTS ABOUT THE GRAND ARMY.

THE coming annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Louis, which is certain to attract more attention than any preceding one for many years, is the twenty-first held since the founding of the association. The New York Sun, in an interesting article, says: "Its first post was organized in Decatur, Ill., April 6th, 1866, and the second quickly followed at Springfield, in the same State. Major B. F. Stevenson, of Springfield, who had been surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Volunteers, has the credit of originating the organization. General John W. Palmer was the first Department Commander.

The first national encampment was held at Indianapolis in November, 1866, and General S. A. Hurlbut was there chosen the first Commander-in-Chief. The rules, regulations and ritual have been materially modified during the lapse of more than twenty years since that first meeting. The second national encampment was held at Philadelphia in January, 1868, and the Grand Army then took on a new and far more important form, with provisions for permanent establishment. General John A. Logan was elected Commander-in-Chief, and a few months later signalized the beginning of his career of memorable energy as head of this organization by issuing his famous order directing the observance of May 30th as Memorial Day. He may be said to have left a new national holiday as his own memorial for his countrymen. The third national encampment was held at Cincinnati, where General Logan was re-elected Commander-in-Chief, and General Lucius Fairchild and General J. R. Hawley respectively Senior and Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief. The fourth annual encampment was held at Washington, the fifth at Boston, the sixth at Cleveland, the seventh at New Haven, the eighth at Harrisburg, the ninth at Chicago, the tenth at Philadelphia, the eleventh at Providence, the twelfth at Springfield, Mass.; the thirteenth at Albany, the fourteenth at Dayton, the fifteenth at Indianapolis, the sixteenth at Baltimore, where, by-the-way, Mr. Cleveland's predecessor, President

Arthur, reviewed the procession, going from Washington for the purpose; the seventeenth at Denver, the eighteenth at Minneapolis, the nineteenth at Portland, and the twentieth, last year's, at San Francisco.

"At the San Francisco encampment, held in August, 1886, there were shown to be connected with the organization 5,765 posts and 299,087 members at the date of the last previous official reports. As the membership showed a net gain of 25,643 during the year, in spite of deaths and suspensions for non-payment of dues, it is entirely probable that the reports at the St. Louis encampment will indicate more than 300,000 members in good standing, and perhaps as many as 325,000. During the year the posts had expended an aggregate of \$205,673 out of their charity and relief fund, not reckoning the expenditures of 750 posts whose reports had not been received, and there was a balance in the fund of \$301,012. Perhaps in general the charity and relief expenditures may be set at nearly a quarter of a million a year. It is evident that the organization is numerous, powerful, and enthusiastic."

QUEER INDIAN CUSTOMS IN BRAZIL.

A LETTER from Brazil to the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette says: "The Indian prayer-meetings in the country are rather singular admixture of superstition and devotion. A doll is dressed in silk clothes, with candles on each side, a good bit of tinsel-work about it, and a ribbon tied about its waist. It rests on the table. Eight or ten Indian men stand around; one has a large drum, which he beats continually. The women sit on the floor, while the men sing prayers to the saint, the women responding. They commence praying about 7 or 8 o'clock, and keep it up two or three hours. Then the women with their little children kiss the ribbons, asking favors of the saint. The men then go through the same ceremony. The saint is then locked up in a box, and dancing commences and lasts the rest of the night. Frequent draughts of whisky are imbibed by the men, coffee and wine by the women. When the men become too drunk to dance longer, they retire to their hammocks and sleep until sober."

FUN.

"BRIDGET, you are never in the kitchen when I want you. How is it?" "Sure, mum, it's for the reason there's no telling when you're a-wantin' me." —*The Epoch*.

An Alsatian woman goes to confess. "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well?" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come; courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance." —*French Wk.*

MISS WAUKA SHAW—"Is Mr. O. Shaw any relative of yours?" Miss Saratoga Geyser—"Oh, yes; he's a distant relative." "How distant?" Miss Saratoga Geyser—"He's my brother, but he is the youngest of nine children, and I'm the eldest." —*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.

THE Papayanni Steamship Company gives notice in its printed "information for passengers" that one infant under one year old will be carried free "if in charge of a parent or guardian." This is intended to discourage infants of that age from traveling alone. —*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

OH, THAT HEADACHE!

"How I AM tormented with this continual headache. It is ache! ache! morning, noon, and night. It is the last feeling and thought before restless slumber, and the first sensation at return of consciousness. It is the terror and torment of my life, and there seems no promise of an end to it while the lamp of life continues to burn. I feel at times as if I must go mad. I move about in my anguish, or must lie prostrate and helpless in my agony, with the sole pity, 'Oh, no! not sick; only has the headache.' But neither insanity nor death comes to my relief. On, on must I pursue this path of persistent pain. No help, no comfort, no relief. The toothache may be ended by extracting the tooth, but where is the good surgeon that can extract the brain to stop the pain?"

The safe and best way is to reach the fountain of life, put it in as healthy condition as possible, strengthen and revitalize it so that it may correct the disordered member and give Nature the chance to reassert itself. This plan has been tried very successfully in hundreds of cases and found to be of permanent relief. One of the good virtues of the Compound Oxygen Treatment is that it does not go into the stomach for the pretended purpose of attacking a specific disease, but increases the vital powers so that Nature may repel the invader. For full information write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for one of their little books called "Compound Oxygen: Its Mode of Action and Results," which they will send free upon application, also their monograph on headache.

A BAR HARBOR girl who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her boat well trimmed, went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the gunwale. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE CALIFORNIA "BOOM."

THE countless thousands of excursionists to California will realize the highest degree of comfort and enjoyment by availing themselves of one of the several excursions which will be run during the Autumn and Winter over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Particulars by mail upon addressing E. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHETHER you prefer the sea-breeze or the bracing mountain air for your Summer vacation, you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

DR. COLTON'S NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—OVER 157,000 TESTIMONIALS ON OUR SCROLL AS TO THE EFFICACY OF THE GAS IN THE PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH. DR. L. M. SLOCUM IS THE OPERATOR, AND HAS BEEN SUCH FOR THE PAST 21 YEARS. OFFICE, 19 COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

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THE "CAMP ON THE BRULE: AN IDYL OF THE NORTHWEST," issued by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway as a souvenir to its patrons, combines literary and artistic excellence of the highest order. As a specimen of color-printing it is incomparable. Copies mailed to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests Diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation, and restores the Kidneys to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success.

FOR GRAVEL

and Stone in the Bladder. Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: "I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did, I should long ago have been six feet under the sod."

"Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder." —S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

R. S. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is 82 years old. He says: "I Liver Complaint suffered from Liver Complaint for thirty years, and could not obtain more than transient relief. I was persuaded by my friend, D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the providence that led me to do so, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform; I digest my food without difficulty, and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who, in the order of nature, is and must be so near his journey's end." All Druggists'. \$1; 6 for \$5. Prepared by

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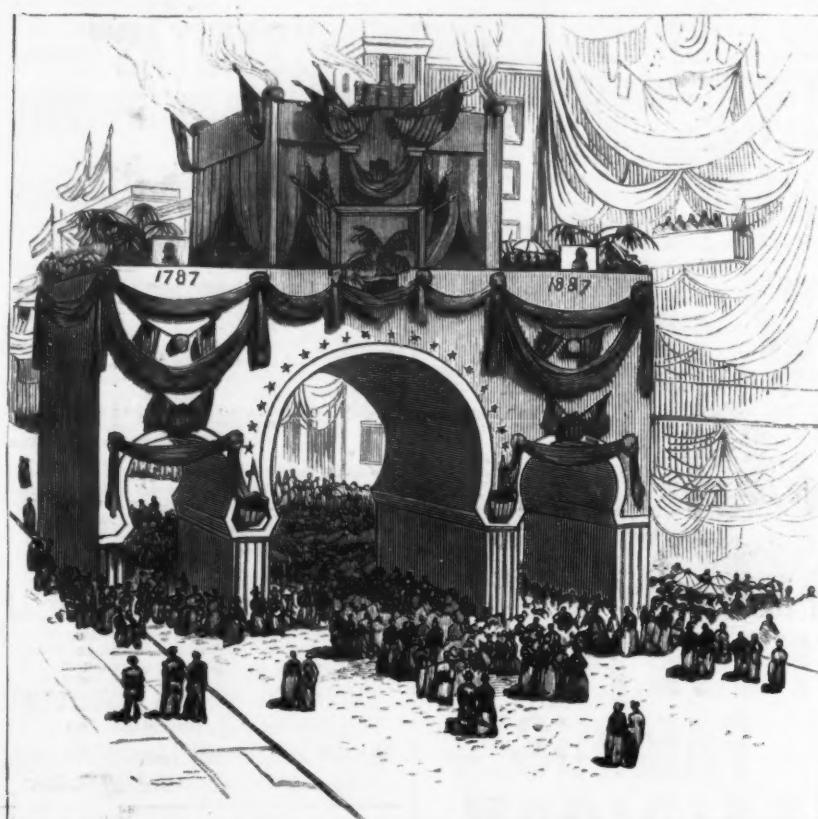
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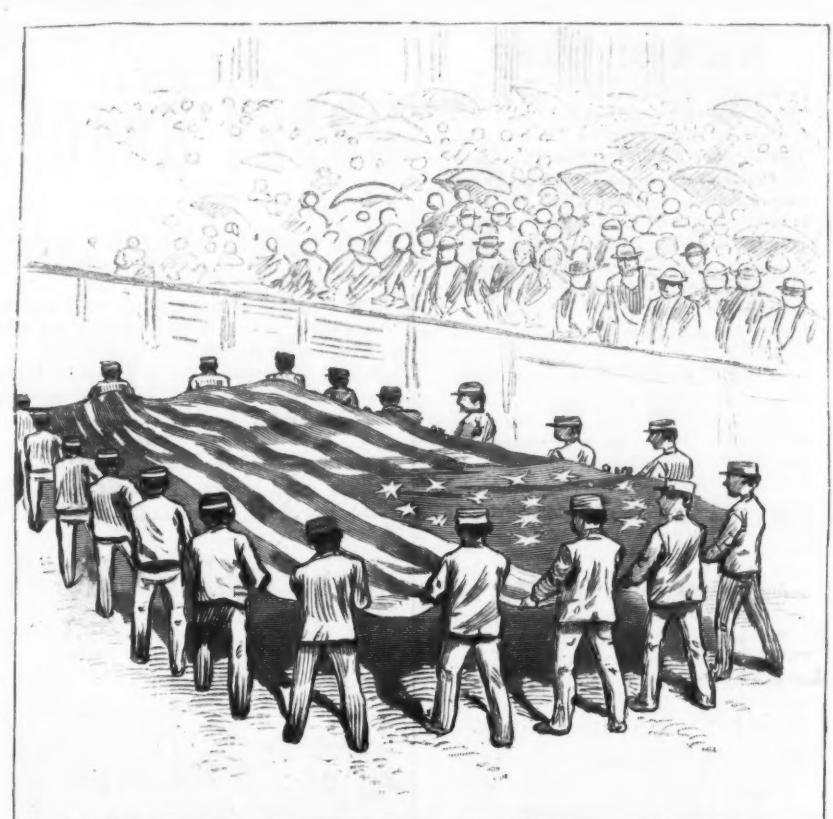
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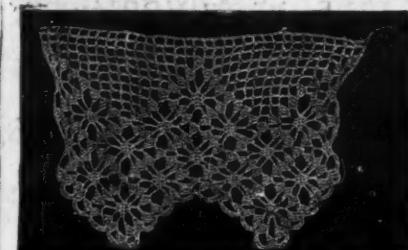
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